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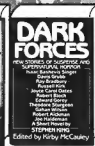

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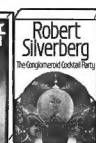

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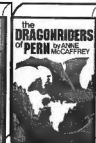

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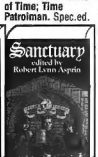

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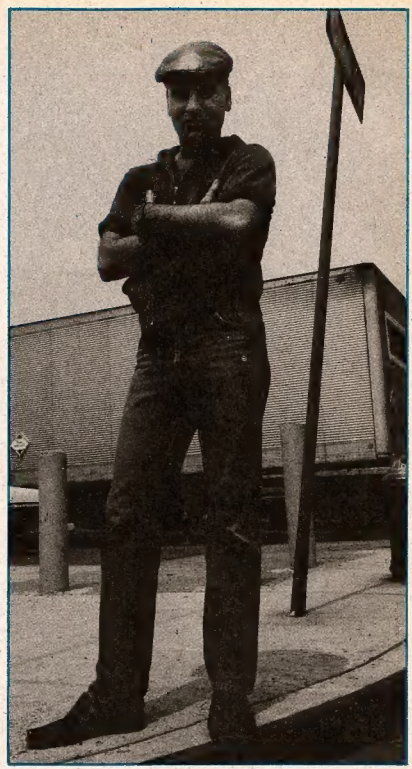


Amos Poe. "Wanna buy some watches?"
Photo by Robin Holland

SOON-TO-BE FAMOUS AMOS

With **Alphabet City**, a pop/pulp paean to life on Manhattan's Lower East Side, underground filmmaker, **Amos Poe**, emerged from the ranks of New York City's cinematic New Wave only to get the thrashing of his professional life. The film, which for Poe must have been a tantalizing project indeed boasting as it did a million-and-a-half dollar budget and a professional cast, was almost uniformly savaged by the critics—in some cases the same critics who'd favorably compared Poe's previous ***Subway Riders*** (1981) to Scorcese's *Mean Streets*. The film was also a commercial dud. Poe's still smarting, but he's not about to burrow back underground. As he sees it, you can't go home again.

Born in Israel in 1950, Poe (he dropped some letters from his real surname—Poerges—after a family squabble and before he'd ever heard of Edgar Allan) emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1958, and later attended business school in both Ohio (booted for political shenanigans) and Buffalo before discovering the magic of motion pictures.

That discovery came while Poe was an amateur photographer (in fact, he shot the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia while visiting relatives in 1968). He found still photography "too static", so he traded in his single lens reflex for some Super-8 equipment. The result was his first "homemade" film, a tribute to the Beatles' *White Album*, called ***White on White*** made in 1970.

Since then Poe, who names films like *Chinatown* and *A Clockwork Orange* and filmmakers like Fassbinder, Coppola, and Nicholas Ray as influences, helped establish New York City's underground film movement with works like ***Blank Generation*** (1976), a documentary of the mid-seventies CBGB scene; the Godardesque ***Unmade Beds*** (1976); and a Fassbinder *homage* called ***The Foreigner*** (1978).

—James Verniere

HM: Your early films were very low-budget productions. Yet they still cost thousands to make. How did you finance them?

AP: I had jobs. When I made *Blank Generation* I was working for New Line Cinema, a film distribution company, which was the worst. A couple of years ago I made some money writing a horror script called *Fear of Horror*. But it was never produced.

HM: Is that a good way for an independent filmmaker to finance his work? To get jobs in the film industry?

AP: I guess. But when I made *Unmade Beds* I was working as a superintendant of a building. So I had a free apartment, plus a salary, plus another job on the side. I pooled my resources, and I lucked out on some black and white film and the rental of some equipment. We shot it in six days. But it was depressing because at that time there was no way to get underground films shown to large groups of people.

HM: So why were you continuing to make films if you couldn't get them shown?

AP: Just out of a need to make movies. I also had this vague notion that I wanted to start a film movement that would penetrate the culture. I wanted to see a whole group of people in the movement, and in the last three or four years it has been recognized as something, at least in Europe—where it's been called everything from "New York New Wave" to "No Wave New York."

HM: Why do you think recognition came first in Europe?

AP: Because the institutional devices in our culture don't or didn't support the work we were doing. I think it was because in New York City artists and filmmakers are taken for granted. They are expected to exist and to work. Whereas in Europe there's a lot of interest about what's going on in New York. In Europe we're very exotic. Here we're just living.

HM: The recognized members of the New York New Wave or whatever include Eric Mitchell, Jim Jarmusch, Scott and Beth B, and Michael Oblovitz. What did you all share?

AP: Well, some people have since gotten out of it—like Jim Nares who's now a painter—and more people have gotten into it. I guess we shared a certain hopelessness because we wanted to make movies but had such difficulty because we weren't part of the mainstream. For example when I made *The Foreigner*, I didn't have any money. So I got a car loan from a bank and used it to make the film. Paid it off, too. Other people did things like that. We felt at least we were doing something, making movies. We were naive and innocent, but it was a fun time.

HM: Was that hopelessness the only common denominator, or was there some shared ideology?

AP: In retrospect, I think we had nothing more than a generalized, bohemian attitude about life and work. Some of us wanted to be movie stars, some famous directors. We each had our own dreams and styles. But since we were all from the same neighborhood we hung

out together, so there was both camaraderie and competitiveness. That held us together more than any ideology.

HM: Do you think of your early work as a means into the mainstream or as an end in itself?

AP: Both. I always wanted to make mainstream films because I wanted people to see my work.

HM: *Alphabet City*, your first mainstream film, has been poorly received by the critics.

AP: I feel like I'm taking a rap for it, like I'm being beaten up. It wasn't the first movie on my list to make, but it was something I could *get made*, and it was a chance to make a last statement about my old neighborhood. It could also be a culmination of my previous work. All my films have been about people trying to get *out* of New York, and so is *Alphabet City*. Now I hear people like (N.Y.C. TV reviewer) Pia Lindstrom trashing my film, which is probably not something she would do to a film like *The Bounty*. To make movies you have to develop a high survivability quotient. My work is out there with everybody else's, playing next door to *Raiders II*.

HM: Some critics accused you of being unrealistic in your portrait of the Lower East Side.

AP: Realism is a strange thing. Film is automatic stylization. In film there is no reality, only the illusion. Coppola, for example, did not use a realistic style in *The Godfather*. But his style suited his subject so flawlessly that he created a whole new world on film. But not a realistic one. In *Alphabet City* strict realism would have resulted in a much more depressing, almost unwatchable, movie. It isn't *Annie Hall*, where you can have a couple strolling in the Met. I *wanted* to give my film a *mardi gras* look and feel. I had to give it pace. It's an action film. Also because I had collaborators, I had to make compromises.

HM: Do you feel that you romanticized the drug scene?

AP: That's one view of it. I didn't want to paint it as an incredibly down, vicious, violent thing. So I depicted it as a heavenly kind of hell.

HM: What kind of compromises did the collaboration force you to make?

AP: I wanted a more political ending, but it was nixed. I wanted to end the film with the neighborhood people kicking out the mafia and the real estate developers.

HM: Is the gentrification of the Lower East Side squeezing out the artistic community?

AP: Yes—in fact, I've talked to cops who've told me their orders were to localize the drug trade, to keep it in the neighborhood while it was still a place for poor people. Then, in like two weeks, they cleaned the place out just in time for the developers to show up. Now, people can't afford a decent place to live in Manhattan.

HM: So *Alphabet City* does have a political message.

AP: Yes, but it's not up front.

HM: Give me an example of the difference between mainstream and underground films.

AP: Mainstream filmmaking is a whole new medium. You have to deal with the exploitation of the film before it's even made, and it affects the way you work. Because the distributors try to sell the film before it's completed, it often creates a structure for the editing of the film. Somehow the selling of a movie becomes more important than the making of it. Even knowing the date the film is due adds a new wrinkle.

HM: Will you ever go back to being independent?

AP: Not really. But I think that I will produce my own movies again, especially if I don't want interference. What I really want to do now is a film biography of Albert Einstein in the form of a trilogy. I've got this idea that you can use relativity—the relationship between space and time—stylistically in a film to explain just what relativity means. So for five bucks I can give audiences the life of one of the greatest minds in history and a lesson in physics. Now *that's* a bargain.

Oy Valin.
Photo by Wagner International

SIN-CINNATI CONFIDENTIAL

Built on seven hills and nestled on the banks of the Ohio River right at the Kentucky border, Cincinnati—even more than most American cities—is a place unto itself. The city is populated largely by transplanted southerners, yet is quite European. It is puritanical—home for countless anti-smut pressure groups—yet for years has supported, right across the river in Newport, KY, one of the nation's leading centers of drugs and prostitution. "Small-minded and drab," in the words of author **Jonathan Valin**, Cincinnati is private eye Harry Stoner's beat.

Stoner—ex-hippie, Vietnam-vet, former DA's office employee—is as moralistic and sentimental as the city in which he lives. Stoner has evolved through five novels (published in hardback by Congdon and Weed, and paperback by Avon) since 1980's ***The Lime Pit***, in which a teenage girl meets her death in the porn underworld. Valin, himself Cincinnati born and bred, has created one of the most engaging flatfoots in contemporary crime literature. And in a genre where place is as important as character, he has illuminated one of our more fascinating cities as well.

Valin started writing detective fiction to amuse himself during the brutal St. Louis summers when he was a grad student and creative writing instructor at Washington University. From the outset, he had strong ideas about how his shamus would and wouldn't meet the conventions of the genre.

"In some ways he's the standard detective story hero. I mean, there is a hard-boiled American detective, whatever the fuck that is—but if you've ever seen real-life detectives, you know there's no such animal," he points out. "But I didn't want my detective to be simply a wisecracking voice, which is the tradition. I wanted him to have feelings, to be vulnerable, more like what I thought a tough guy should be. Harry's more sensitive, and smarter about people."

Hence, Harry becomes a part of the other characters' lives, and they of his; he gets involved personally as well as professionally, and that creates problems: he takes on cases too cheap and for all the wrong reasons, he's loved and left regularly. This continues through 1980's ***Final Notice*** (about a psychopathic killer who picks his prey at the library) and 1981's ***Dead Letter*** Valin's weakest, because the convolutions of the plot sometimes get away from him).

Recently, Harry's begun to question his very role as a detective, the turning point coming with 1982's chilling ***Day of Wrath***, in which a runaway girl (here's that theme again) winds up in way over her head on a Manson-esque commune. Because Stoner puts even more of his heart into this case than usual—turning his search for the girl into a crusade—her gruesome demise is more devastating. A recasting of the classic tale in which Orpheus attempts to rescue his lover Eurydice from hell and instead loses her and his own life as well, *Day of Wrath* also mirrors the death of sixties mythology, and is Valin's attempt to come to grips with that era.

"It's about how people got from that wonderful year or two—where everything seemed possible—to today, where a lot doesn't seem possible at all. It's a

story about lost love and that whole time," he says. "There was a sense of freedom and community I've never felt again. It all disappeared, burned out, got corrupted. Eventually I realized it was rotten to begin with. Well, I don't know if 'rotten' is the right word, but I do know since then I've had a deep distrust of idealism."

Day of Wrath also offers the most revealing looks into Cincinnati itself, with each neighborhood or locale taking on a more vivid personality of its own. "This is a *very* peculiar city—almost too good for words, for my purposes—because it tries to appear one way while the reality is so different," Valin chuckles. "This could be an eighties version of Salem, in certain ways. But what we have that Salem lacked is a heart, a capacity for forgiveness. It's more like an Old World city than other inland U.S. cities—more dull and cramped, heavy German-Catholic, almost a medieval type of walled town. You just have to live here, and it seeps into your bones."

After *Day of Wrath*, Valin removed Stoner from the city for 1983's ***Natural Causes***, a lurid case involving the death of a TV soap-opera writer, set mostly in Hollywood. (Valin wrote for the late, unlamented "Texas," taking the job because of the "unbelievable money" but lasting less than a year, because, "I've never met such a bunch of greedy, unprincipled, untalented bums.") In *Natural Causes*, Harry is less moralistic, less uncompromising; he avails himself of the victim's pathetic sexpot of a widow, and gets tangentially involved in a murder. But at bottom, he remains what another of the characters calls, "a real Cincinnati square." Valin is vague about what will happen to Stoner next, but it's safe to assume that the detective and the city are stuck with each other. Which is not a bad thing for either of them.

—John Morthland

XTC. "This is pop?"
Photo by Paddy Eckersley

MUMMER'S THE WORD

The American record industry thrives on promoting artists that it can manipulate, take advantage of, and discard when they become uncommercial—thus ***Mummer*, XTC**'s latest LP, sat on the shelf for a full year before finding a U.S. label adventurous enough to release it. Forsaken by their former distributor for being too indulgent and difficult to work with, it seemed for a while that XTC would not find a new Stateside home. Enter gutsy Geffen Records.

If old XTC singles like "Towers of London," or "Generals and Majors," were re-released right now, the hordes of Big Country/U2 fans would lap up these early (and superior) Steve Lillywhite productions brimming with tuneful three-mile-wide guitarisms. XTC was the great hope of the late seventies/early eighties—always more anxious to flirt with experimentation than repetition, and a profound influence on most of the stuff now heard on hip radio. Why the group has failed to connect with the public-at-large has more to do with its refusal to cooperate with the record biz-at-large than any lack of musical contribution. And *Mummer* is yet another quantum leap in the band's development, a triumph both on conceptual and production levels.

Songwriters Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding take their cues from the psychedelic era of rock 'n' roll, when off-the-wall albums like the Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request* and the Small Faces' *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* were tearing down pop music conventions. *Mummer* is very much rooted in that untraditionalistic approach, where standard rock group instrumentation — electric guitar, bass, drums—is all but completely discarded. Mellotrons, acoustic guitars, synthesizers, and string sections provide the textures that would normally resound from the crash of a chorus-effected power chord. Instruments come in and out of the mix in a hazy swirl, recalling "Tomorrow Never Knows," or "She's a Rainbow." XTC deals in the subtleties of music usually reserved for jazzers (or would-be jazzers like Donald Fagen)—but with an uncharacteristically visceral burst. It's as if Van Halen decided to chart one of their heavy-metal two-note wonders for saxes, or Ornette Coleman replaced all his instruments with synths—it's out of place and almost doesn't make sense, but it *works*. The rhythms on *Mummer* are unconventional as well (to say the least)—unlike most rock musicians who stress a measure's second and fourth beats, XTC puts accents wherever they please.

The result is an album that takes more than one listening to digest—something most record company execs, professional barometers, and radio programmers are ill-equipped to deal with. Intelligent without being haughty, gutsy without being stupid, XTC's work is full of musical ambiguities which confound those arbiters of public taste who'd rather put a John Cougar or Nena on top of the heap. For those who deal in the black and white world, shades of gray and bright hues are simply beyond grasping. Only on "Funk Pop'a'Roll," a pessimistic treatise on the state of popular music, does the group's sound resemble the familiar electric guitar cacophony, à la *Black Sea*. The song's lyrics, however, are a dismissal of the brand of pop music that turns songs into cartoons and eliminates substance in favor of style—hardly the kind of fodder to please the ears of record execs clamoring for "that old XTC sound."

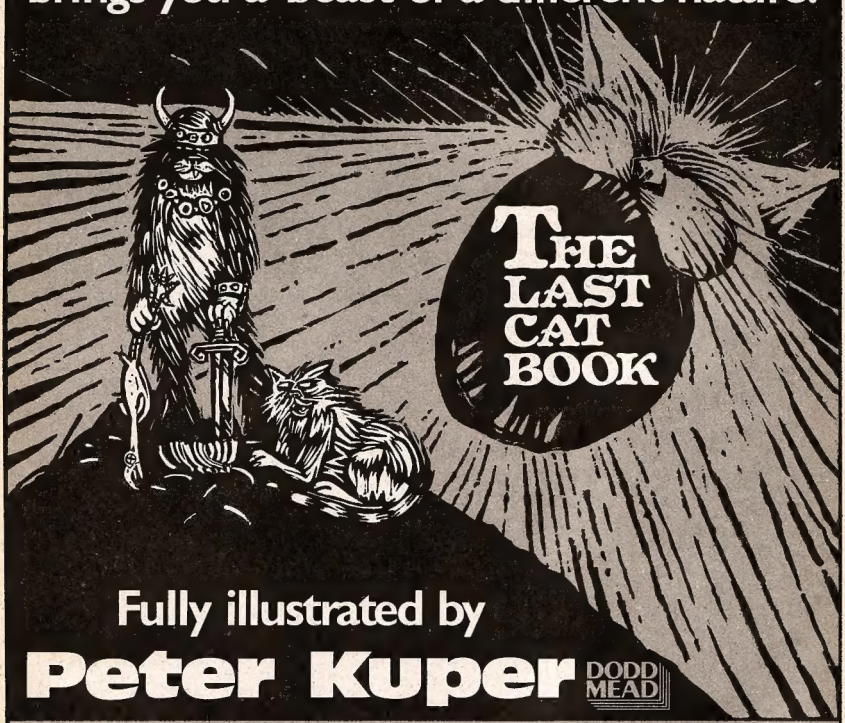
XTC's unwillingness to sublimate financial ambition to musical integrity makes for the kind of greatness found on *Mummer*, which concedes nothing to trends or musical conservatism. This is one of the few groups that doesn't make records by aping what's on the radio, and thus remains a fresh, exciting, and creative musical aggregate worthy of people's respect. Whether the hordes decide to join the cult is irrelevant—so long as XTC continues to make records for its own sake, and not for the marketplace. —Jon & Sally Tiven

Robert E. Howard

creator of

Conan the Barbarian

brings you a beast of a different nature:



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LIVE XEROX

Snort! "Ranxerox" artist **Gaetano Liberatore** comes to New York for an exhibit of his work at nightspot Danceteria (30 West 21st Street, (212) 620-0515) on September 13, 14, and 15. "Tanino" will be on hand to growl and sign copies of the new *Ranxerox* book while you view original art, previews of *Ranxerox 3*, and unpublished material.

—sm

AUTO-ERECTION

Harley Earl was the Duke of Detroit, the man who brought tailfins, chrome, and road-hugging weight to America. Earl reigned as top designer at General Motors from 1937 to 1959, carefully nurturing the American male myth of the automobile as extension of manhood—all the more admired if it was long, sleek, very chromed, and overpoweringly seductive.

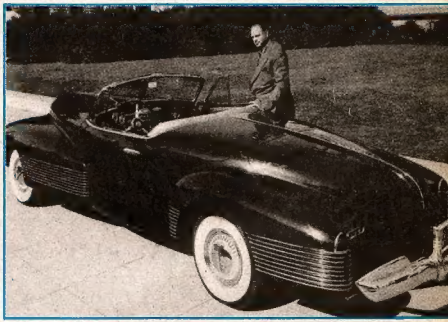
Harley Earl's grandeur and brilliance are examined in a gorgeous new book from **Stephen Bayley, *Harley Earl and the Dream Machine*** (Knopf), explicitly illustrated with 8x10 glossies of some of the most bodacious curves ever: there's the 1947 Buick Roadmaster, gleaming chrome grille bristling with doo-dads and knee-bashers; there's the 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air, which brought new sexual significance to tailfins, fuzzy dice dangling from the rear-view mirror, and tuck-and-roll upholstery; and of course the pristine white 1956 Chevrolet Corvette Convertible, with more luscious undulations than the dazzling blonde that was often a high-cost option in one of these babies.

But this book isn't just a handsomely-packaged series of car pix. It's an in-depth appraisal of one of the most influential men in the auto industry, uncovering what this genius was really like. Bayley explores the fanatic precision with which Earl approached designing—a fanaticism that extended into his lifestyle (his luxurious office suite in Detroit's GM building was equipped with two fully-stocked walk-in closets, sufficient for a prissily elegant man who changed his shoes after walking from his car).

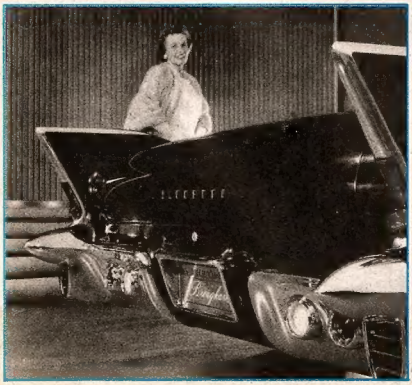
Earl believed that a car's ability to transport passengers was only a negligible aspect of its appeal. More important was the conscious evocation of fantasy—a fascination with the vast untapped potential of the myths arising from American industrial might, in the late forties and fifties. This *was* America; and as Americans, Earl believed we were entitled to the best. This notion found fertile ferment in the American psyche—and by the end of Earl's reign at GM, bigger *was* better, chrome *was* class, and damn near every garage in the U.S.A. housed a gleaming, chrome-bejeweled, and even somewhat insolent creature that proved him right.

Given the inconsequential little slips from Toyota, Datsun, and even GM these days, I'd rather have glamour. I want my heart to pound as I take my long, lush, and gleaming 1959 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz Convertible out for a little drive through the country. Give me that kind of *style* anytime. This is what myth-making is all about, and you coulda had it in your driveway.

—Gus Patukas



Harley Earl's dream "Y" Job.



"Are those your tail fins, or are you just glad to see me?"

Photos: *Harley Earl and the Dream Machine*

Big Brother is watching Michael Radford.

NAHALLYWOOD

Big Brother.
Newspeak.
Doublethink.
1984.

When George Orwell unleashed his dystopian view of the future back in 1948, he probably didn't realize that he would permanently warp generations of readers for decades to come, instilling in them a sort of futuristic paranoia that could never be erased.

Catch phrases from his book, like, "Big Brother is watching you," have become part of Western newspeak and, whenever *anyone* wants to make a point concerning dictatorships, all he or she has to do is summon up the year 1984 and everyone is instantly in-the-know.

Well, since this is 1984 in real life, it stands to reason that there would be a reel version of ***1984*** by year's end. There will be . . . but, for a while, it looked like 1984's *1984* might be a dream unrealized.

"Absolutely no one had plans to film it," says the movie's director **Michael Radford** from his office in England. "Everyone just assumed it would be made by someone else, so the book just sat there, ignored."

Radford's version, an eerie, claustrophobic affair starring John Hurt, Richard Burton and Suzanna Hamilton, came about almost as an afterthought. Radford and producer Simon Perry were recovering from making and promoting a drama set during the second world war, ***Another Time, Another Place***, when dystopian visions burst forth from a few bottles of beer.

"I was sitting in a bar with Simon trying to figure out what movie we should make next. We were drinking and chatting away when it occurred to us that nobody was going to make *1984* for 1984. Instead of just saying, 'Well, *somebody* must be making it,' we checked it out.

"This was October of 1983. We contacted the producer who owned the rights, Marvin Rosenblum, and found out that nobody had approached him. Filming *1984* for nineteen hundred and eighty-four had always been a dream of mine. It's such a unique opportunity. We decided to have a go at it. Marvin was delighted. I think he was despairing over the film not being made.

"We made a deal. He would give us the rights if Simon could raise the money while I wrote the script. We did all that in *three weeks.*"

With the reality of 1984 looming in the very near future, Radford embarked on a fourteen week shooting schedule. John Hurt was cast as Winston Smith, the futuristic citizen who dares to buck the system for love. Suzanna Hamilton was cast as Julia, the object of his affection. The role of O'Brien was left open.

"I was very much aware of the risk I was taking attempting this film," Radford admits. "I'd only seen the British TV version of the book. I didn't want to see any of the others. I didn't want to be influenced in a negative way.

"I'm making a film that, while faithful to Orwell, isn't a literal interpretation. I showed my finished script to the Orwell estate and they were delighted. They see about ten scripts of *1984* every year. They said this was the first they'd read that was neither a literary adaptation nor a science-fiction spin-off. Those seem to be the two rocky roads that most people choose to tread.

"I wanted to avoid both. If you do a trendy sf film, you risk banality. If you slavishly follow every word Orwell wrote, you risk it becoming a literary assignment—it will make you feel very superior, but you'll bore people to tears.

I was terrified by the fact that I was filming a classic. Usually, if you do a scene in a film and it doesn't work, you can toss it out and no one will care. No one will know it existed. But in *1984*, most of the key sequences are so well known that, no matter what happens—how badly you botch them—you're stuck with them."

In structuring his *1984*, storywise, Radford decided against overly stressing the totalitarian tendrils of Big Brother. "I saw that it would be easy to go over the top that way, make the movie an unintentional parody. When Orwell wrote about Big Brother, it was a new idea. He was writing during a time when totalitarianism was perceived as the great evil. He was pointing a finger at the Left saying, 'Look. What's happened on the Right of the world can now happen on the Left.' He was introducing a new concept to society. Now, we're pretty familiar with all that Big Brother represents. Consequently, the movie had to be about something *larger* than a totalitarian government.

The theme I developed throughout the film was that of an individual struggling against the strength and the complexity of a society too vast for him to understand. It's not just Big Brother, he's up against. It's *everything.*

"I tried to make a film of poetic realism. I hope this will be the first science-fiction movie that seems completely real. The people had to be utterly believable. To that end, I've gone off from Orwell a bit. Some of the characters—not Winston or O'Brien, but some of the secondary characters—were sort of cardboard pastiches. I've tried to round them out. Show how ordinary people would react to this oppressive world."

Visually, Radford decided to create Winston's world as a strange spin-off of England in 1948, the year the book was written. "It's a recognizable world yet completely alien. It's a parallel 1948, a 1948 we never experienced yet might have. There are helicopters patrolling the place and TV screens everywhere. It's got a very strange feeling to it.

"The actors all seem very normal in this vaguely familiar world, until they start saying things like, 'Did you see the hanging yesterday?' Just when you feel that you're relaxing and getting used to this place, something new appears that is totally disquieting.

"Actually, I think I had an advantage over Orwell because I got to play with *both* worlds of 1984. On the telescreens we see the *official* version of society while, as moviegoers who are watching Winston, we see the *real* society he lives in. It's very schizophrenic.

"It was a schizoid project for us to film as well, because we were thinking of it as both a period film and a science-fiction film. Everything was familiar yet totally strange. We were creating an atmosphere from scratch.

"It was insane. While we were filming, we couldn't actually *describe* to each other what we wanted. But, after a while, we just sort of *felt* what was right, although we couldn't explain why. We would say things like, 'That feels *Ingsoc*' or 'That's very *Minipax.*' We'd understand each other perfectly, although I'm sure a visitor to the set would've thought we were all crazy."

For the cast, acting in the world of *1984* was a challenging and pretty frustrating experience. "Everyone tried very hard to bring out the human drama," says Radford. "John Hurt and I had a joke. If he was having a scene eating breakfast, I'd walk up to him before yelling 'action' and say, 'Now, John. Just remember in this scene, the telescreens are watching you. You're terrified that you're going to be denounced. You're in love with a girl and you don't even realize it. You may die any minute. But don't react to that. Just eat your breakfast.'

"All John could do was act human. In fact, that's what makes the movie so bizarre. Instead of making our citizens into utterly strange, zombie creatures, we portray them as being totally recognizable. You can identify with them immediately. That's why this place is so scary."

Once the picture was underway, Radford had to decide who to cast as Winston's charismatic friend, O'Brien—a Big Brother devotee prone to saying things like, "We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness." Not exactly your Sean Penn type.

"We needed someone with presence," says Radford. "Since John Hurt has a nice amount of

charisma, we needed someone crashingly powerful. We also needed someone who could deliver a hell of a lot of dialogue without boring anybody. There are very few people in this world who can do that. Richard Burton is one of them."

And, so, Burton was signed for the role . . . a casting coup that unnerved Radford. "I was worried about him being larger than life," he concedes, "too big for the rest of the film. When he first arrived, I was a wreck. I was determined to supress him. At the end of the first day, I wasn't sure how much I had done that or if I had done it too much. I said, 'Richard, we may have to do some re-shoots.'

"He wasn't very happy with that. He called me over to the side, assured me that what we had done was fine and added, 'Look, Mike. I have the most famous voice in the world and I *hate* it. For the past twenty years people have been stopping me on the streets, saying, 'Richard Burton. Say something.' I despise it. All I want to do in the picture is not be Richard Burton.'

"That was music to my ears, of course. For the rest of the picture, whenever his voice got too resonant or he felt he was overacting, he'd stop himself and say, 'Oh, God. I'm doing another *Burton!*'"

With the movie now completed and in release in England, and awaiting distribution in the United States, Radford can unwind a bit. "Now I can experience the *real* 1984," he laughs. "I've been living in Orwell's world for most of the year.

"It was a great adventure," he says. "I don't think I'd want to do this again, though. It's exhausting. Usually, when you make a movie, you spend a lot of time agonizing before you make a decision. But when you have deadlines like we had, you find yourself just making decisions left and right. You save a lot of time but you sweat a lot more."

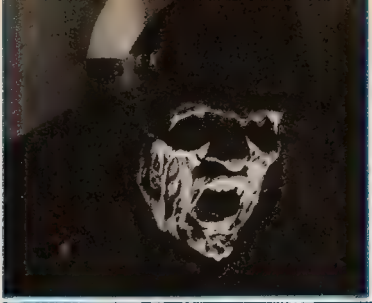
Radford is philosophical about the possible American reaction to his film. "Well, I don't know if the *Star Wars* crowd will go for it. It's not a cartoon. It *is* alien and it *is* strange. But, although there are some huge crowd scenes in *1984*, it is a very intimate story.

"It's a sort of a triangular relationship between our lead characters; two doomed lovers and an interrogator."

Science fiction or slice of life?

"I suppose that would have something to do with where you lived," Radford laughs.

—Ed Naha



***"Whaddaya mean that wasn't Clearasil in that tube?" Family entertainment from* Night of the Comet.**

Photo © 1984 Atlantic Releasing

THE METAL PROJECTOR

Horror director **John Carpenter** will only freak out his fans with his frothy Christmas movie, ***Starman***. Stranded alien Jeff Bridges drops into the body of Karen Allen's late husband, resulting in *mucho* confusion, a mad race to catch his mothership, and—what else—true love. Bring the kids . . . **Michael Crichton** (*The Andromeda Strain* author, *Coma* director) is in Canada shooting *Runaway*—a homicidal maniac has a high-tech M.O. and Tom Selleck is the hunk on the hunt. In the world of a robot in every kitchen and two saucers in every garage are Kirstie Alley (*Star Trek II*) and Gene Simmons (the Kiss pop star with a leash on his tongue) . . . Don't race to the backyard to watch *this* comet. After the ***Night of the Comet***, all witnesses are turned into walking bean dip. The only thing that can save them is the blood of those who missed the big event—two bummed-out Valley Girls running for safety, Catherine Mary Stewart (*The Last Starfighter*) and Kelli Maroney (*Slayground*) . . . **Grace Jones**'s wolverine-in-heat impersonation in *Conan the Destroyer* has launched her in a whole new career. The s&m diva has been cast as the villain's bodyguard in the new Bond, ***From a View to Kill***, while holstering The Man's Golden Gun on the side. We're sorry to report, though, that David Bowie's backed out of the bad guy role, which is now played by Christopher Walken . . . **George Romero** has purchased the rights to a third *Dr. Phibes* film. You, of course, *cannot forget* the first two, *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* (1971) and *Dr. Phibes Rises Again!* (1972). Vincent Price was the disfigured car crash victim who, in his *beloved* Mad Scientist routine, managed to dispatch anyone in his path (*Phibes I*), avenge his wife's death (*Phibes II*) and bring her back to life. Original *Dr. Phibes* screenwriters James Whiton and William Goldstein will handle the new one, appropriately called ***Phibes Resurrected***. Hey, we're diggin' those Good *Phi*brations . . . Expect a weird spoof of the old *Frankenstein* films this Christmas from Disney. Entitled ***Frankenweenie*** (huh?), the half-hour, black-and-white comedy stars Shelley Duvall (on break from "Faerie Tale Theatre," which is now available on videocassette for those who manage to live without Showtime), Daniel Stern (*Blue Thunder* and the upcoming *Chud*), and Paul Bartel (the *Eating Raoul* director and *Rock 'n' Roll High School* co-star). The movie even features all the original *Frankenstein* lab equipment by Kenneth Strickfaden . . . On another Frankenstein front: the Sting/Jennifer Beals film, *The Bride*, has hit a snag. Clancy Brown, as the monster, made Boris Karloff look like Brooke Shields when his makeup corroded his face in the heat of the movie's European location. Dripping wounds galore, a forced hiatus and, obviously, a new location . . . Longtime monster-masher **Peter Cushing** will again portray Sherlock Holmes (the *1959 The Hound of the Baskervilles* was his first) in *The Mask of Death* . . . Muppeteer **Jim Henson** has created a special fantasy sequence for *Dream Child*, about the true relationship between Lewis Caroll (played by Ian Holm, the *Alien* robot) and the girl who inspired his *Alice In Wonderland* character. Dennis Potter (*Pennies from Heaven*) wrote the script . . . Also in blunderland, Shake 'n' Bake director **Irwin Allen** (*The Poseidon Adventure, The Towering Inferno, the Disaster Film of your Choice*) plans on remaking *Alice* with child star Drew Barrymore. Meanwhile, the overdrawn little firestarter has wrapped Stephen King's *Cat's Eye*, directed by *Cujo*'s **Lewis Teague**. Also on hand are Candy Clark (*Blue Thunder*), James Woods (*Videodrome*), Vegas comedian Alan King, Robert Hays (*Airplane*), and Patti Lupone (*Evita*). Jeez, has anyone in Hollywood *not* appeared in a King movie?! . . . **Peter Fonda** plays an aging hippie farmer (*really* stretching his talents) in *A Certain Fury*. Helping pull the plow will be Tatum O'Neal and Irene Cara . . . **Alice Cooper** will bare his fangs in *Monster Dog* (where is Tiny Tim when you really need him?) . . . the Police's **Stewart Copeland** has been cast in *The Rhythmatist* . . . *Twilight Zone* defendant **John Landis** will slink out of the doghouse with producer Debra Hill (*Halloween* and *Dead Zone*) to make a movie of ***Clue***, based on the eternally popular board game. Sounds like a trivial pursuit . . . ***Bug Jack Barron***? Maybe another time. The long-awaited **Costa-Gavras** (*Missing*) film of the twisted **Norman Spinrad** novel is being rewritten by Fay Kanin after a script by Harlan Ellison was thrown out . . . This month's Spielberg item: for anyone interested in what **Steven Spielberg** *says* he's planning in the near future (argh!), he's gone after the film rights to the British stage comedy *Noises Off* for his own production company. Meanwhile, over at his Xanadu-like offices at Universal, the superactive filmmaker has a comedy called *Money Pit* in mind; don't forget *Always* (the title of his *A Guy Named Joe* remake) and *Peter Pan*; another movie with *Gremlins* screenwriter Chris Columbus; the docudrama *Shindler's List* (based on the best-selling book of World War II heroism by Thomas Keneally); and, last but now least, *E.T. II*. Now *there's* a real coffee achiever.

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

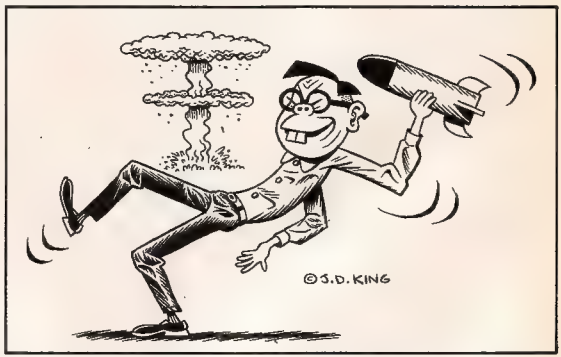
CRYPTICA

Germinating Jupiter • For the first time in history humans are about to colonize another planet with terrestrial life—namely germs. The Galileo probe, which is scheduled to be launched in 1986 with an e.t.a. on Jupiter of 1988, will not undergo the normal sterilization procedure—because, NASA claims, they can't afford it. So a shipload of hitchhiking bacteria will be introduced to Jupiter's virgin environment. Now, the reason Jupiter's virginity has remained intact might have something to do with the fact that the planet hasn't exactly laid out the welcome mat for organic life. Temperatures range from hundreds of degrees above zero to thousands below. Trouble is, there are also in-between temperatures at certain levels of the atmosphere which are more hospitable to organisms on the thumb from Earth. If the bacteria were to hop off at just the right point, they could survive and contaminate the atmosphere. So what, you might ask? Well, remember the theory that humans are descended from aliens who came over on spaceships? Any bacteria that can adapt to conditions on Jupiter could hang in there for quite a while, growing and evolving. And although scientists can't resist the idea of destroying or creating life—playing God—there is the small worry of what some future Captain Kirk might be confronted with as he beams down to Jupiter.

Nutsucker Blues • If you're into lobbing peanuts in the air and swallowing them as they land in your mouth, you're lucky to still be alive. Doctors who have spent their lives fishing out such foreign objects from people's lungs have long known that objects tend to go down the wrong chute when they drop in perpendicularly. A study at London's St. Bartholomew's Hospital involved the dissecting of twenty-five cadavers and tossing peanut after peanut down their throats. Turns out only one peanut went down the hatch the right way to every four that went wrong. The throat is angled in such a way, they discovered, that it tends to encourage peanuts—or anything else coming straight down—to take the wrong turn. This should serve as a warning to people into throat activities of all kinds.

Hard as Snails • The recent history of human sexual mores could be described as a degeneration from the beetle phase to the snail phase—with the latter as role model for the ultimate in liberated behavior. Snails can choose to be either male or female depending on the partner's preference. They can fertilize themselves and bear children without sexual contact, but choose instead to get laid whenever possible. Also, according to researchers at the University of Brasilia, snails are never sure of their correct parentage because they carry around an internal storage tank for previously deposited sperm, drawing from it at will. In a world of transsexuals, test-tube babies, and foetus transplants, all of that sounds a little too close for comfort.

Beetles, on the other hand, are reminiscent of the rough, old, bygone days. Though beetles of different species appear to be identical, crossbreeding is simply out of the question. Susan Jephson of the British Museum, in a study of the *P. Cephalotes* and aptly named *P. Sordidus*, species of beetles, found that both follow the same general mating procedure: a little antenna fencing foreplay, detailed tactile inspection of the partner's abdomen to check familial lineage, followed by the mounting maneuver. Except, Sordidus takes forty-five minutes to finish the job, to the others' minute and a half—leading to a somewhat neurotic relationship. But such trivial complications didn't stop the humans who are used to that sort of behavior from attempting to crossbreed the species. Invariably, the attempts failed at the point when the female inspected the studded pattern of knobs on the male genitalia—and not liking what they saw, they inevitably became hostile and sent the boys off with a bite. Ah, those were the days.



Pitching Slants • You might be wondering why the Japanese are acting like they lost the war so they could win the bigger battle in the end. Dr. Taro Takemi, last president of the Japan Medical Association claims that the U.S. did them a great favor by dropping the A-Bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Hiroshima blast killed 92,000 people from its impact alone, and countless more died of radiation exposure afterwards. But Dr. Takemi is anything but a defeatist. Preferring to look on the bright side, he argues that Japan would've suffered a greater holocaust through mass-starvation had the war continued. "When one considers that the Japanese military might have sacrificed the entire nation if it were not for the atomic bomb attacks, then these bombs might be described as having saved Japan," the good doctor asserts. Does that mean that in the next war Japan might be willing to go around doing the same favor for other countries? Nothing like a bracing nuclear attack to help straighten out a wayward nation's affairs. "Thanks, we needed that."

—Melik Kaylan

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STORY: CHARLES IMBERT
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MODE OF EXISTENCE

I: GERMINAL SEASON: WINTER. LULEA AND GEORGE MET ONE NIGHT AT THE FABLE ON THE PLANET BORON. IT WASN'T LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. LET'S SAY THAT SPARKS FLEW.

George

I COULD SAY YES, I COULD SAY NO. GO AHEAD WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO LOSE?

AND DOUBLE YOUR MONEY? NAH, THERE'S NO GAME ANYMORE!

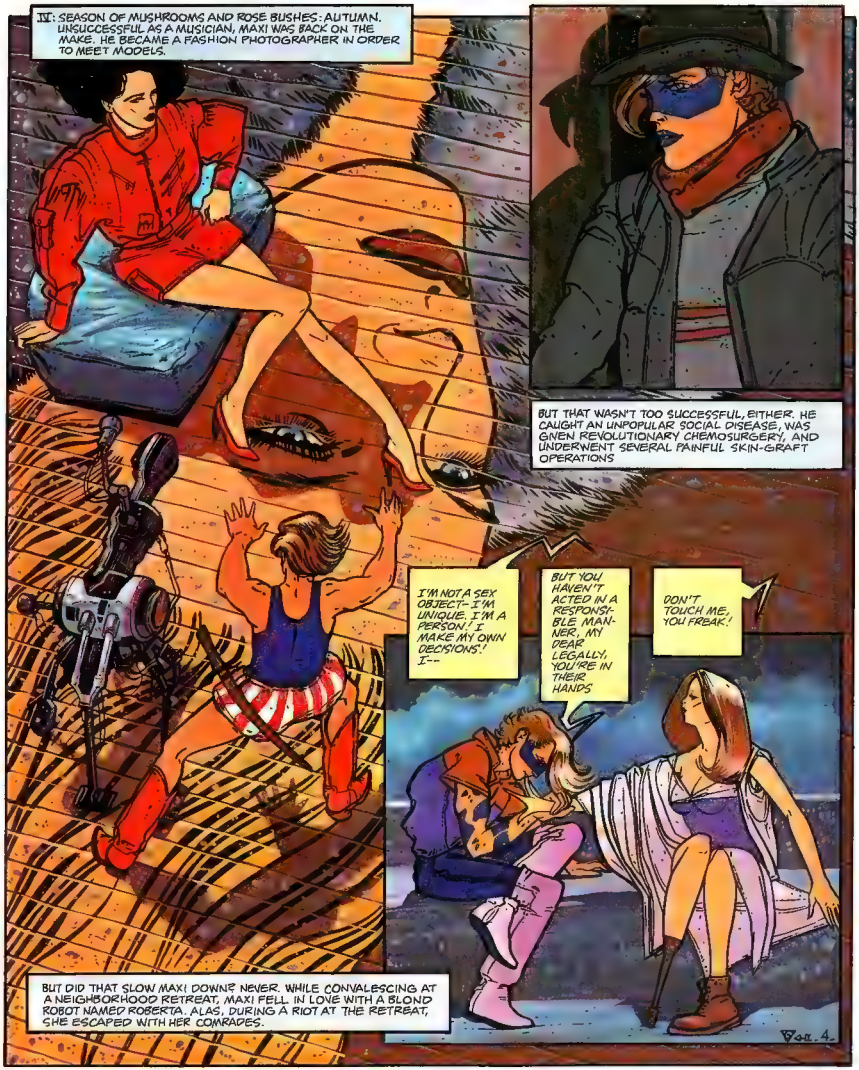
THAT EVENING, CUPID SHOT AN ARROW INTO LULEA'S BUNGALOW. GEORGE WORE AN ARCTIC BODYSTOCKING. LULEA WORE NOTHING, EXCEPT FOR A DEFECTIVE I.U.D.

ELEVEN MONTHS LATER, GEORGE WAS STILL AROUND, BUT LULEA HAD GONE. GEORGE BURIED HIMSELF IN WORK, TRYING TO FORGET. EVENTUALLY, HE LEFT THEIR CHILD-MAXI-AT THE COMMUNAL NURSERY.

WHEN YOU STOP DROOLING, YOU CAN HAVE A PRESENT.

MY GOD! THAT CHILD LOOKS LIKE A REAL MORON.'
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?
A SILK CRAVAT.
II: SEASON OF TUTORS AND ALCHIES: SPRING. ONE DAY, MAXI MET WITH HIS COUSIN LAUREL SNOWBIRD. FROM THEN ON IN, SHE WOULD BE HIS TUTOR. THEY HAD NO OTHER CHOICE: NEWS TRAVELED FAST. PAPA HAD BEEN TURNED INTO FROZEN HAMBURGER
BUT THAT DIDN'T FAZE MAXI. HE PARTIED WITH HIS FRIENDS, IGNORING COUSIN SNOWBIRD'S ADVICE ABOUT CLEAN LIVING, COMMUNING WITH NATURE, AND WINE WITH EVERY MEAL.
A BIT LATER, SNOWBIRD .. DEAD DRUNK .. DIED OF A HEART ATTACK WHILE FLYING HER HELICOPTER. CELEBRATING HER DEMISE, MAXI BOUGHT FOUR BOUTIQUES, A SHOE STORE, AND A PAIR OF SILK TROUSERS.

BABE, MY TROUSERS NEED HEMMING CAN YOU SWITCH ON THE COMPUTERIZED SEWING MACHINE?
III. A FRUITFUL SEASON: SUMMER AFTER ALL OF THIS, MAX! WAS READY FOR COLLEGE IT WAS DIFFICULT TO KEEP UP WITH HIM. WE HAVE ONLY A VAGUE IDEA OF WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
WHILE A SOPHOMORE, HE BECAME A MONITOR IN THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY. DURING HIS SENIOR YEAR, DONNING A ZIPPY FLYING SUIT, HE WAS A JUDGE AT THE CHINESE DRAGSTERS CHAMPIONSHIP. LATER IN THE YEAR, HE WENT ON A HUNT, SEARCHING FOR PLUMED BIRDS.
UNABLE TO LOCATE A SINGLE BIRD, HE HAD A BREAKDOWN AND DECIDED TO CHANGE HIS IDENTITY. HE HAD AN OPERATION, CHANGED HIS NAME TO ZE-BIRD, AND TRAVELED THE FUNK FESTIVALS


IV: SEASON OF MUSHROOMS AND ROSE BUSHES: AUTUMN. UNSUCCESSFUL AS A MUSICIAN, MAXI WAS BACK ON THE MAKE. HE BECAME A FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER IN ORDER TO MEET MODELS.
BUT THAT WASN'T TOO SUCCESSFUL, EITHER. HE CAUGHT AN UNPOPULAR SOCIAL DISEASE, WAS GIVEN REVOLUTIONARY CHEMOSURGERY, AND UNDERWENT SEVERAL PAINFUL SKIN-GRAFT OPERATIONS
I'M NOT A SEX OBJECT- I'M UNIQUE. I'M A PERSON! I MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS! I--
BUT YOU HAVEN'T ACTED IN A RESPONSIBLE MANNER, MY DEAR LEGALLY, YOU'RE IN THEIR HANDS
DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU FREAK!
BUT DID THAT SLOW MAXI DOWN? NEVER. WHILE CONVALESCING AT A NEIGHBORHOOD RETREAT, MAXI FELL IN LOVE WITH A BLOND ROBOT NAMED ROBERTA. ALAS, DURING A RIOT AT THE RETREAT, SHE ESCAPED WITH HER COMRADES.

XI: SEASON OF PRUNES AND GRAPE JELLY: OUT OF SEASON. MAXI DECIDED TO PART WITH THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS. AFTER ALL, WHO NEEDS LOVE? HE KNEW A ROBOT HAD NO ETHICS. HAVING BEEN FABRICATED, NOT CREATED, A MECHANICAL BEING HAS NO KARMA, NO REAL PART IN THE DIVINE PLAN, AND NO GLASS OF WINE WITH EVERY MEAL. SURE, SHE HAD A GREAT BODY, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: "ROBOTS DON'T SWALLOW."

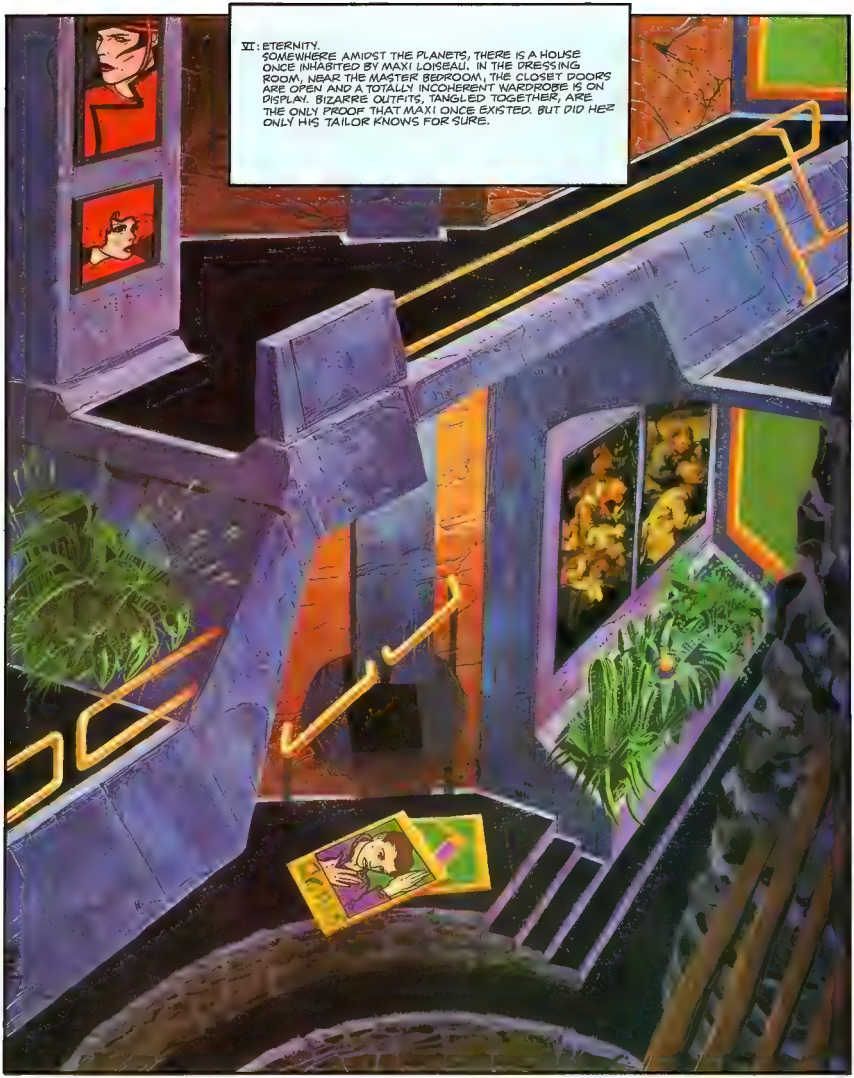
I WAS SATAN, IN CHARGE OF TEACHING THEM ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL

SATAN... THE MOST HANDSOME OF ALL THE ANGELS.

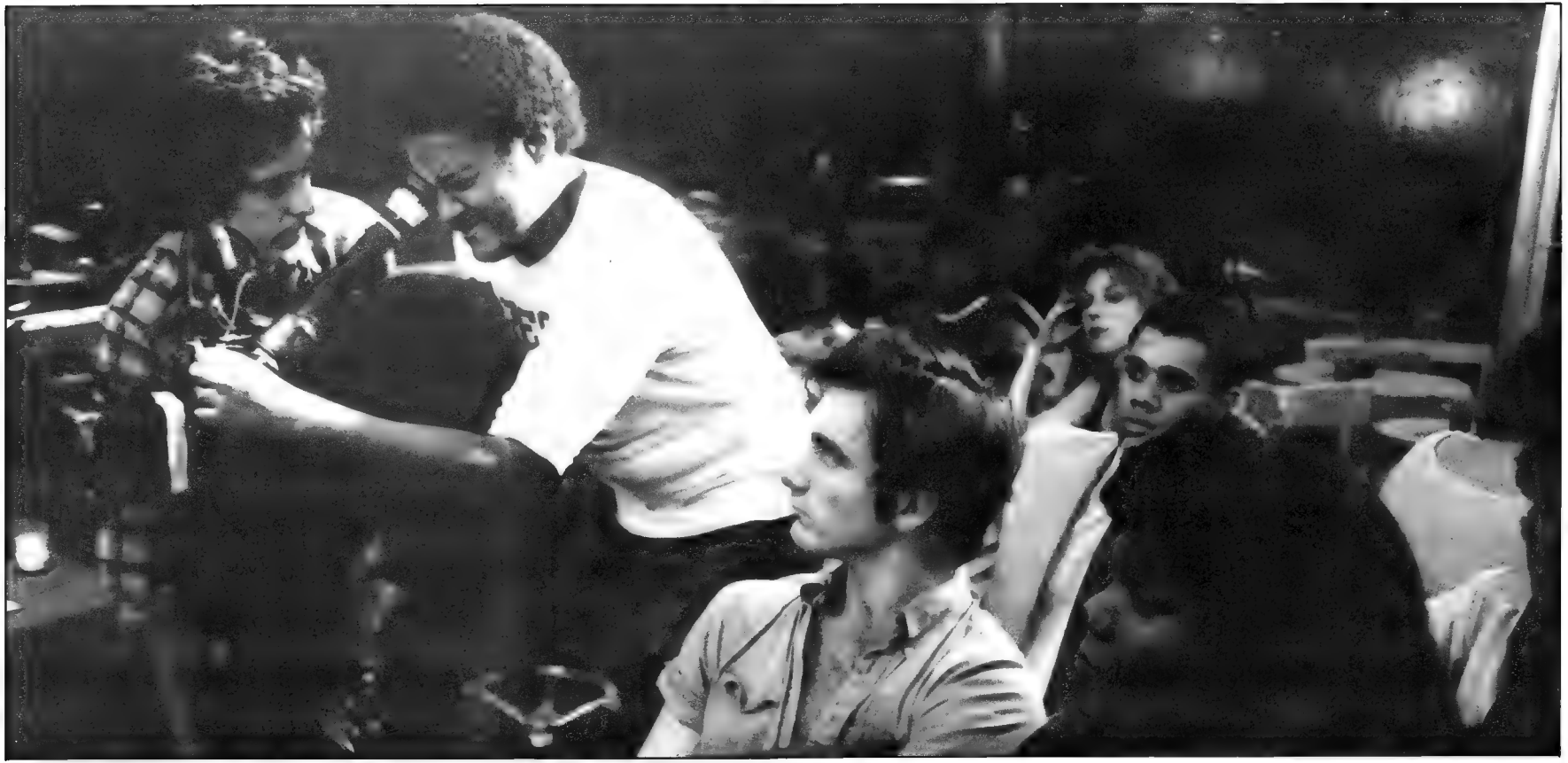
ONCE AGAIN, MAXI WENT THROUGH ANOTHER IDENTITY CHANGE. HE WAS SHOCKED TO HEAR THAT HIS MOTHER HAD ANOTHER CHILD, AVESTA. HE MANAGED TO TRACK DOWN HIS HALF-SISTER AND ARRANGED TO MEET HER.

HE KNEW HIS FATE AS SOON AS HE ENTERED AVESTA'S OFFICE. MAXI WAS SHOT FOUR TIMES WITH SUPER-KINETIC BULLETS.

BEFORE DYING, WITH ONE EYE FIXED ON THE BLOOD STAINS, THE COSMOPOLITAN ORPHAN, THIS 81-COLORED CHILD OF NO ONE, HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO REVIEW HIS PAST. THE FASHION, THE WOMEN, THE DISEASES, AND, YES, EVEN THE WINE. HE WAS A TRENDSETTER, A TINY PART OF HISTORY.


VI: ETERNITY.
SOMEWHERE AMIDST THE PLANETS, THERE IS A HOUSE ONCE INHABITED BY MAXI LOISEAU. IN THE DRESSING ROOM, NEAR THE MASTER BEDROOM, THE CLOSET DOORS ARE OPEN AND A TOTALLY INCOHERENT WARDROBE IS ON DISPLAY. BIZARRE OUTFITS, TANGLED TOGETHER, ARE THE ONLY PROOF THAT MAXI ONCE EXISTED. BUT DID HE? ONLY HIS TAILOR KNOWS FOR SURE.

ON SAYLES: The HM Interview with Director John Sayles



John Sayles (lounging) and his crew on the set of *The Brother from Another Planet*.

by James Verniere

John Sayles says he doesn't have the time for writer's block, and a glance at his prodigious list of credits bears him out. Since the publication of his first novel, *Pride of the Bimbos*, in 1975, this thirty-three-year-old man from Hoboken, N.J. has been writing non-stop, turning out two more books, one stage play, and over twenty screenplays. Is he a workaholic? One wonders. "No," he deadpans. "I'm a worker."

But it's more than just a work ethic that makes Sayles special. In a crowd of Hollywood *wunderkinder* who seem to live life with their heads up their asses, John Sayles is a kind of *ubermensch*, standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries. If the work is any indication of the man, then it is clear that Sayles has lived life, traveled extensively, studied something besides film (he majored in psychology at Williams College), and is not afraid of women or politics.

Always the aspiring filmmaker, Sayles was introduced to public life in 1977, when his second novel, *Union Dues*, was nominated for both the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award. It was *Union Dues*, Sayles's saturic portrait of a coal miner and his wayward son, that brought the writer to the attention of B-movie master (and uncanny detector of new talent), Roger Corman.

The result was a script for what turned out to be a surprisingly good, low budget horror film called *Piranha* (directed by Joe Dante of *Gremlins*). What followed was a string of uncommonly good, low budget movies all with the John Sayles signature firmly attached to the scripts: *The Lady in Red* (1979, directed by Lewis Teague), *Alligator* (1980, Teague), *Battle Beyond the Stars* (1981, directed by Jimmy T. Murakami), and *The Howling* (1981, Dante).

But all the while he was churning out B-movie scenarios, Sayles was also plotting his own directorial debut, a debut he made in 1980 with the release of a film shot for $60,000 in twenty-eight days. That film, *The Return of the Secaucus Seven*, and his next two films, *Lianna* and *Baby, It's You*, brought Sayles critical acclaim, albeit only limited commercial success.

Presently at work fine tuning his test film, *The Brother From Another Planet*, Sayles is simultaneously juggling several assignments as a screenwriter, to raise money for future projects. He's just completed a film adaptation of Jean Auel's *The Clan of the Cave Bear* (which will reportedly star *Splash*'s Daryl Hannah), and at press time he had been hired to do a third draft of Diane Keaton's next film, *Modern Bride*.

On the boards for the near future are two more Sayles films: *Eight Men Out*, a study of the 1919 "Black Sox" scandal, and *Matewan*, a portrait of a miner's strike in 1920 that led to armed uprising in West Virginia. There's also a third novel—*Los Gusanos*—set in Miami's Little Havana in progress. Writer's block? John Sayles never heard of it.

—Jim Verniere

Joe Morton plays the brother in *The Brother from Another Planet*. "How strange. On my planet, they draw on paper."

HM: Roger Corman claims that he's moving out of B-movies because Hollywood has invaded his territory.

JS: Well, it has. He was having a horrible time getting his films on the screen because Hollywood was making bigger and better B-movies.

HM: *Brother From Another Planet* sounds like an allegorical story, as well as a B-movie.

JS: There's some of that to it. It's straight as well though. And you should be able to follow it even if you don't know anything about blacks and whites in America. Almost all classical science fiction is allegorical. It's hard to avoid it in fact, because you only have your own experience. A current example would be that film that was like *High Noon* in outer space.

HM: *Outland.*

JS: Yeah, *Outland*. And *Beyond the Stars*, which I did for Roger, was basically *The Seven Samurai* in space.

HM: Which science-fiction films with allegorical stories are touchstones for you?

JS: Well, there are many, like *Invaders From Mars*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and *The Red Planet Mars*, which were red scare allegories. But there have been others. *The Thing* and *I Married a Monster From Outer Space*.

HM: How much science fiction will there be in *Brother*?

JS: A bit, just enough to get him here, and there's a bit once he gets here. He has "low budget powers" (laughs). Nothing that will get him out of Harlem. We're on a real low budget. So we decided that since we can't make it look great, we're going to put the story on a very human scale. Nice sound effects, because to do that you only have to be imaginative. Actually, some of the cheapest effects work best. Very often on big-budget science-fiction or horror films, the most effective "effect" is just a hand puppet or something.

HM: A puppet was used to great effect in *The Howling*.

JS: Yes, a lot of *The Howling* was done with puppets.

HM: I've also heard *Brother* described as a "black *E.T.*" What's your reaction?

JS: It's very different in tone. The brother is an extraterrestrial, but he's a person. He isn't a creature. And actually E.T. can communicate better than he can. E.T. eventually talks. The brother doesn't; he doesn't have vocal cords. Also, the brother is an escaped slave, so he doesn't want to go home.

HM: Is it a comedy?

JS: There are parts of it that are very funny. A neighborhood like Harlem has many different sides to it, many of which are very enjoyable and fun. But life in Harlem is almost never fun for him because he's trying to survive and he's trying to pass. He's a black man trying to pass as an earthling in Harlem and he does a pretty good job of it.

HM: It sounds like quite a departure from *The Return of the Secaucus Seven*, *Lianna*, and *Baby, It's You*.

JS: In someways, yes. But in someways, no. That's the other part of it. It's funny and it's science fiction, but it's also very straight. It will be easy to see this as a straight film. The brother might be from Alabama instead of outer space.

HM: Can you anticipate the reaction of the critics?

JS: I really have no idea. I'm more interested in audience reaction, with this film in particular. Most of the genre films I've written had a big black audience. I grew up with black people and went to the movies with black people in Hoboken. But I haven't had a big black audience for the movies I've written and directed, and that's something that I'm interested in.

HM: The last time we spoke you said you had planned to make a film called *Matewan*, which as I recall was the story of an actual union uprising that was put down by the National Guard. Are you going to make it?

JS: If we can raise about $2 million. It's difficult to raise that much money and retain casting control and final cut. Sometimes if the budget is raised outside, you can get one or the other, but not both.

HM: How were you able to raise the money for *Brother*?

JS: I didn't raise it. I made it screenwriting. And I'm still making it. I may have to take one or two more jobs to finish it.

HM: Does that explain how you came to write a film like *The Challenge*?

JS: No, no. I wrote that long ago, and I actually like the script. What happened with the movie is that I rewrote the script in very short order. I did one three-day draft and one five-day draft in Tokyo right before there was a writers' strike. Then I was off the picture, so I wasn't able to work on it. Apparently, there was quite a bit of rewriting on the set with people who were not writers, but who had to deal with new ideas and John Frankeheimer's suggestions. There used to be a line in the script that read, "Too much yin and not enough yang." And that's the way I feel about the final film. There were some really good things in it. But it turned out to be too dark to be a good kung fu movie and it wasn't quite Kurosawa.

HM: It reminded me of Paul Schrader's work.

JS: Yes, it was like *The Yakuza*. It was dark like that.

HM: How did you originally hook up with Corman?

JS: Corman had a very good script supervisor named Frances Doel, who works at Orion now. She had read some of my short stories, knowing that Corman was looking for someone to rewrite *Piranha* from top to bottom. He only wanted to keep the title, which is very often the way I have done it. I've kept very little of the original scripts in my rewrites. So, she recommended me to him. He had experience with writers. He had Max Appel do some scripts for him and Rita Mae Brown, who wrote *Slumber Party Massacre* for him. That was it. I did one draft of *Piranha*. It made a lot of money, and then he hired me for two others in very short order.

HM: When did you decide that you wanted to write *and* direct film?

JS: I always wanted to direct my own films. Actually, even before I was a novelist. My first novel, *Pride of the Bimbos*, was originally a screenplay, but I knew it was a waste of time to write screenplays unless you were hooked into people who could make films, like agents or producers. So, I rethought *Pride* as a novel. Screenwriting is something that I'm still interested in doing. Not as much as I used to, but I used to write scripts to make enough money to make movies.

HM: How long has it been since you wrote a novel?

JS: Oh God, five years or something. I started one but I haven't had time to finish.

HM: Is writing novels a less interesting process for you?

JS: It's a very different process, not less interesting. What's different about it for one thing is that when you're writing a novel, nobody has to give you any money and you can put it down and pick it up again. When you're making a film, you've got to make it while the money is there before your in-

vestors get cold feet or the studio decides not to do it or the tax man gets to you and takes all your money before you spend it. I've had to strike while the iron is hot, including keeping on a roll with the publicity. For instance, a lot of the money we raised for *Lianna*, we raised because I was doing a lot of publicity for *Secaucus Seven*. The publicity got us meetings, although not always the money.

HM: Do you read novels?

JS: I don't get to read novels or see movies as often as I'd like. Very often I have to read novels because somebody wants me to adapt them. Unfortunately, most of the novels I've read in the last three years . . . . Well, some of them have been good, whether or not they should have been movies. I now go to the movies only about once a month.

HM: Do you think the novel is an endangered form in 1984?

JS: No, I think people will write them. I didn't have a literary background. I wasn't a literature major, and I fell into it.

HM: Who were influences on you as a writer?

JS: Well, there wasn't anybody that I was trying to be. I've read most American writers from about 1900 who get taught in school, and I learned technical things from everybody. If I liked a book, I would sit down after reading it and take a look at its structure. I did the same with movies. As a director, I haven't been able to afford much in the way of technique. I try to do what I can to make the films consistent. Sometimes I write something knowing that I won't have time for style, like *Secaucus Seven*. I wrote that with a lot of characters, in part, because I knew I couldn't move the camera. The only movement Icould get was by cutting a lot. So with a lot of subplots I could keep cutting from coversation to conversation, like a *Nashville* technique.

HM: Did you consciously approach *Brother* with the budget in mind?

JS: Yes, for instance, the lead character is mute, and although there are many reasons why that's a good idea, it's *also* an advantage when you have only four weeks to shoot on the streets of New York. We had a small crew and not enough money to lock down a set. People were coming up and asking about the film or staring at our main character while were were shooting. Also we were shooting non-sync. So, the fact that our lead character doesn't speak was a help.

HM: How long did it take to write the script?

JS: About six days. We actually started producing the movie before I wrote it because I had the idea and the time and I knew when the money was going to be available. I did have to write something else to get more money. I got the producers to start casting and arranging for sets before I wrote it, knowing that I would have a week off when I could.

HM: You must have had faith that you wouldn't have a week of writer's block.

JS: I haven't had time to have writer's block (laughs). It doesn't compute.

HM: What kind of films were you watching when you were growing up?

Sandy (Jo Henderson) and Lianna (Linda Griffiths), the best of friends, in *Lianna*.

JS: Almost everything, except I never saw a foreign language film until I was in college. I did see *Two Women*, dubbed, on late night TV. And I did see the British "angry young men" films, again because they were shown on TV. I used to have insomnia so I used to watch the Late Show and the Late Late Show. I also went to drive-ins, so I saw a lot of westerns as a kid.

HM: Do you think that film has become a touchstone that those raised in the fifties and sixties have in common?

JS: Yeah, in fact there's a scene in *Union Dues* where these two kids who have never met start talking about *Twilight Zone* shows because they are a part of their shared culture.

HM: Were you worried about the draft during the war in Vietnam?

JS: No, I have two missing vertebrae in my spine, so I never had any draft problem. I had a high number in the draft lottery, too. A lot of the kids from my high school did go to Vietnam after graduation, but I didn't want to join the service; I didn't like the idea of taking orders.

HM: I wonder if a writer who missed Vietnam doesn't feel cheated of some good material.

JS: Yeah, but I don't feel that way. I've never been into that kind of Kerouac idea that you must go out and have experiences and then come home and write about them. I think you just sort of live your life and keep your eyes and ears open. I've never been that much of a reporter. I often research what I'm writing about. The novel I'm working on—called *Los Gusanos* (*The Worms*)—is about the Cuban community in Little Havana in Miami, and I go down there now and then just to hang out. I also have friends who are Cubans go over my work to check the dialogue, especially the Spanish.

HM: There was a period in the early seventies when you traveled the country and took various jobs and generally sold blood instead of fiction. How gloomy did it get?

JS: (laughs) You get paid more for fiction, if you're lucky. It wasn't really that gloomy. It was a very bad time to get a job (I got out of school in '72.). Those were the years when recruiters didn't come to campuses. So, I did a lot of jobs and traveled.

HM: Did you find America to be as homogenous as many of us are led to believe?

JS: No, I didn't, not when I got off the beaten-track. But there are ties. Americans aren't differentiated so much by geography, as they are by what they do. What I find is that in every big city, there are people who could be anywhere because they have their own subculture. The Mission District in San Francisco is like that.

HM: The first script you wrote for Roger Corman was *Piranha*. Was that the first script you had ever written?

JS: I had written some short scripts before that. I sent a screenplay once to the A.F.I. saying that I could make a feature for $10 thousand. But they didn't believe me (laughs). I had also adapted a short story I'd written called "I-80, Nebraska," a story about truckers. I was too late to cash in on the genre though, because the trucker film genre got trashed really quickly. Before it started you got *Walking Tall* in a truck and *Kung-fu* in a truck. A producer had optioned the film and we had somebody—a squeeze bottle magnate in Boca Raton—lined up to finance. But the tax shelter laws changed, and it fell through. We found that we could only make it with money from Texans, if we cast Don Meredith or somebody like him in the lead.

HM: What kind of experience was *Piranha*?

JS: I wrote two drafts of a shooting script because we didn't know who was going to direct it. And then Joe Dante and I had very little time to mess with it. I remember Joe saying, "Do you realize how many speaking parts you have here, and how little money I have?" You know, Roger would always say, "Just write it good and we'll worry about the budget later." I was very amenable and it

turned out well, because Joe and I wanted to make a kind of Hitchcock film with some humor in it, instead of a slasher movie.

HM: You wrote *Piranha*, *Lady in Red*, and *Battle Beyond the Stars* for Corman, and all three of them have what's currently referred to as resonance. *Piranha* is kind of a *Jaws* with political satire about Vietnam. *Lady in Red* features an American mythic hero, John Dillinger. *Battle Beyond the Stars* is *Seven Samurai in Space*.

JS: *Lady in Red* is the most ambitious. I meant it to be the depression movie that never got made. I wanted the movie to answer the question: Why are these people machine-gunning each other to death? Some of that's left. Not as much as I or Lewis Teague (*Cujo*) would have liked.

HM: The point is that you combine myth and politics and trash and pop culture in new ways.

JS: Yes, but that's just because it's all in my head. I don't define things clearly. It's all just narrative. I know those categories exist, but I just want to have a good time telling a story. I remember seeing a Bresson film and *Enter the Dragon* in one day and getting off on them both. Not on a double feature, though.

HM: There is humor in all of your films. But I would say that *Lianna* is the most humorless.

JS: Actually, there's a lot of humor in *Lianna*, but it's not a funny movie. There is comic relief, which really is *relief*. I remember the actress who plays Lianna coming up to me and saying, "Okay, now in this scene am I depressed, very depressed, or extremely depressed?"

HM: Everyone has made comparisons between *The Return of the Secaucus Seven* and *The Big Chill*. What's your reaction?

JS: It was really no skin off my ass. All it really meant to me was that *Secaucus Seven* got released some places. I don't know Kasdan so I don't know if he was inspired by my film or if he always wanted to make that film. I've heard that he always wanted to make a film about those people. The people in the films are really very different, so I feel the films are different.

HM: What happened to your script, *Night Skies*?

JS: I imagine Columbia Pictures still owns it. What I think happened is that Ron Cobb was going to direct and Spielberg was going to produce it, but Columbia didn't think a sort of science-fiction/horror film was going to make a lot of money. When Rick Baker's estimate of how much it would cost for the effects—there were at least five E.T.s running around in my script—came in, the studio hesitated.

HM: This was all before *E.T.*

JS: Yes, but I think the studio just decided it was going to be too expensive. I also think that Steven had second thoughts about making a horror movie. He got his rocks off producing *Poltergeist*. I think he combined the research he did for *Close Encounters* and the story of *Night Skies*. In the last page of *Night Skies*, the one nice E.T., who made friends with a little autistic boy, is left behind by his friends. That is the first page of *E.T.*

HM: What do UFOs symbolize for you?

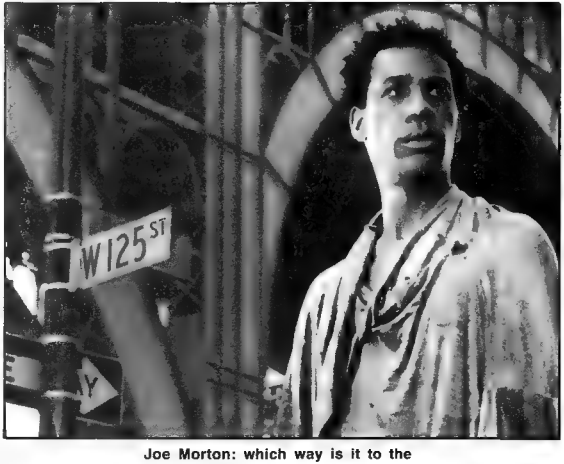
JS: I didn't read a whole lot of science fiction when I was a kid, but I did grow up in Schenectady where General Electric and the Knowles Atomic Laboratory were. So there were all these engineers and kids who believed in UFOs. There were lots of serious conversations about how to communicate with aliens. Then I encountered them again during the research that Ron Cobb and Spielberg did for *Night Skies*. I realized that the people who do see or think they see UFOs get very paranoid. The most respected UFO researcher, the guy François Truffaut plays in *Close Encounters*, has a more and more paranoid tone in his books. In *Brother* I play one of the villains, an alien police officer who dresses in black.

HM: Do you remember *The Invaders* series? There were "men in black" featured as alien villains.

of iffy for now. It's with PSO (Producers Service Organization) which means that they sell the foreign rights to get the money to make it and then they make a domestic deal afterwards. I think I did a really good job with it. The project has been at various places. Originally, it was going to be a six-hour mini-series, and then it was at Universal. Basically, heads of studios change and projects get bounced around. But I think it'll turn out well. Michael Chapman, the cinematographer who's just started working as a director, is going to direct it.

HM: How does one adapt an epic-scale novel to a 120-page screenplay format?

JS: Yeah, well imagine trying to adapt both of them, several times, to a six-hour format —then to two features. It's really been a bitch. *Clan* will work. *Valley* is a lot tougher because it's a two-character story with the heroine spending a lot of time communicating with her horse in sign language.



Joe Morton: which way is it to the Apollo Theater?

HM: In *Clan of the Cave Bear* the heroine uses sign language constantly to communicate with her Neanderthal foster family. How can you make that work?

JS: You can't. We had to make them speak. The studios would not put up with people signing with subtitles. So when you hear English, it'll be Neanderthal.

HM: What's your next project as a director?

JS: I hope to make *Matewan* or *Eight Men Out*, which is the story of the Black Sox Scandal of 1919. I own three-quarters of the rights to the Asinof book.

HM: Will you ever return to your horror/science-fiction/B-movie roots?

JS: Writing, yeah. I'd love to do something with Joe Dante or Lewis Teague again. Those movies are fun to write. I've turned a few down because the ideas were not interesting. But who knows? If a giant squid movie came along . . . .

A Matter of Time

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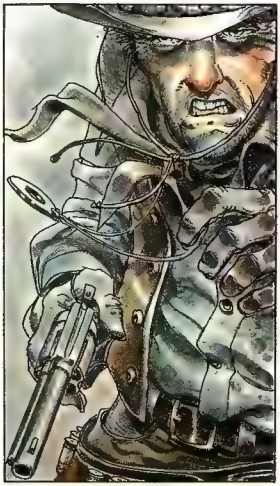
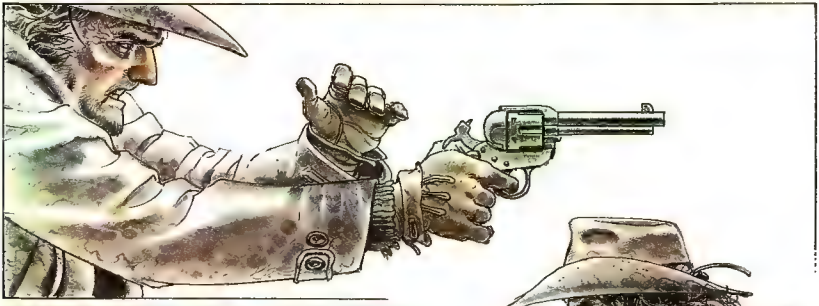
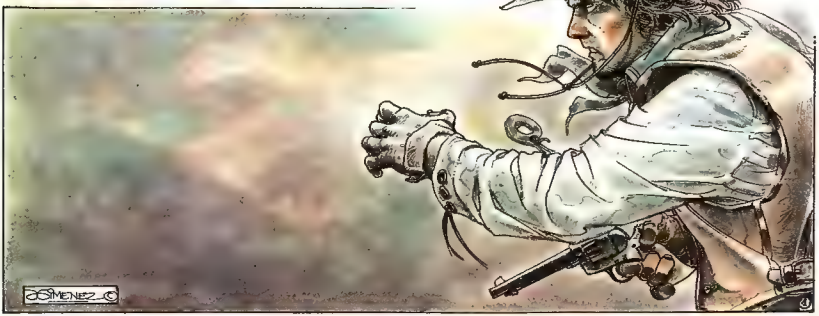
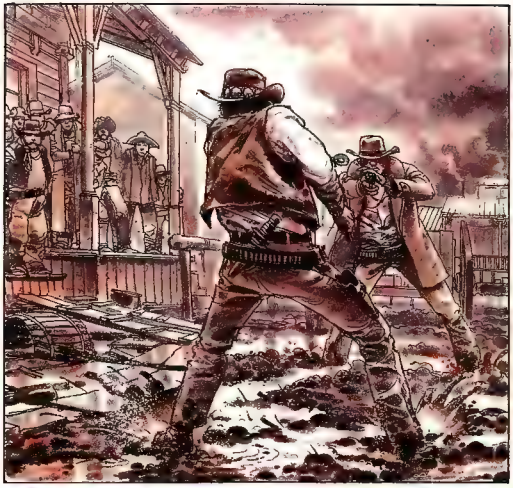
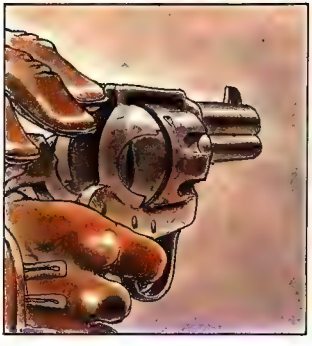








YOU SCREWED UP THE IMAGE AGAIN WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SERGEANT, YOU ARE A CLUMSY FOOL. MAY I SUGGEST YOU TRY AND GET THAT IMAGE BACK WITHIN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES?
YES, SIR

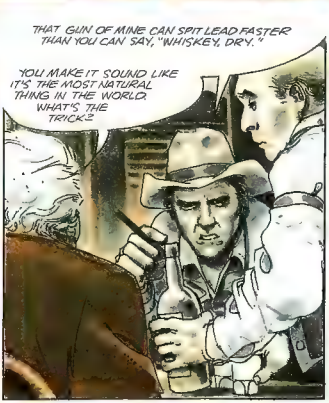


CLICK!

MURPHY, I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU.
YOU CAN BUY ME A DRINK.
I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR YEARS - WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DON'T PLAY ME THE FOOL, SHERIFF!
AL RIGHT!
SPEAK UP!

YOU USED TO HAVE A MIGHTY FAST DRAW, BUT LATELY YOU'RE NOT TO BE BELIEVED. ONE DOESN'T EVEN SEE YOU SHOOT. IT JUST AIN'T HUMAN.

I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT THE GUN SEEMS TO LEAP INTO YOUR HAND JUST AT THE SUGGESTION OF A DUEL.


THAT GUN OF MINE CAN SPIT LEAD FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY, "WHISKEY, DRY."
YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE IT'S THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD. WHAT'S THE TRICK?

THERE AIN'T NONE. AT LEAST I DON'T THINK THERE IS. FRANKLY, I COULDN'T EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING EVEN IF I WANTED TO.
I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE, ROCK.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF YOU BELIEVE ME OR NOT. AS LONG AS I CAN GET RID OF THE LIKES OF THREE FINGERS KID, HIPPY KELLY, PANCHO LOPEZ, OR THE RECENTLY DEPARTED ROY CRAMER, I'M HAPPY.
ALRIGHT, SO YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL ME. FRANKLY, I DON'T REALLY CARE, BUT PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER.

YOU'RE GOING TO GET A LOT OF CREEPS AFTER YOUR HIDE YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?

YEAH I KNOW, STANLEY. JUST THIS MORNING I GOT A CABLE FROM THE YORKTOWN SHERIFF TELLING ME THAT MONTANA "KILLER" KING IS BOUND HERE ON THE 3:10 TRAIN.
SHIT! MONTANA KING?
THAT'S RIGHT, MONTANA KING
YOU'RE IN ROOM 13, MR KING
COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I COULD FIND ROCK MURPHY?
ROCK MURPHY? THE SHERIFF? SURE
SO, IT'S SHERIFF MURPHY NOW?
HE'S OVER AT THE SALOON. JUST A FEW DOORS DOWN
WHAT'LL YOU DO WHEN HE GETS HERE?
HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW. HIS TRAIN WAS DUE SOME TIME AGO.
HI THERE, MURPHY. WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THE NEXT TIME I SAW YOU, YOU'D BE A BIG SHOT SHERIFF?
NO MATTER. YOU WOULDN'T MIND STEPPING OUTSIDE SO WE COULD SETTLE AN OLD DEBT OR TWO, WOULD YOU?
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, MONTANA.
FINE, 'CAUSE THAT'S ALL I'M GIVING YOU - ONE MINUTE.

DR. KORR, YOU HAVE A CALL FROM THE POLISTIME HQ. THEY SAY THEY'VE FOUND SAMMY, THE INMATE WHO ESCAPED FROM THE TEMPERAL THERAPUTIC WARD WITH THE TIMESTOP UNIT.
THANKS, HONEY. WOULD YOU MIND STAYING A LITTLE LATE TONIGHT? I HAVE SOME EXTRA--
PERVERT!
WELL, INSPECTOR, SO YOU'VE FOUND MY PATIENT AT LAST.
WELL...
...WE HAVE, SIR. HE'S SOMEWHERE IN NORTH COLORADO IN 1872. HE'S IN A VILLAGE NEAR SILVERTON. RIGHT NOW, MY MEN ARE TRYING TO GET TO HIM. HOW'S THAT FOR EFFICIENCY?
EFFICIENCY? I PUT IN THE COMPLAINT THREE MONTHS AGO.
MONTANA, YOU'RE BEING CRAZY. YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU EVEN DRAW!
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GREAT TALKER, ROCK. DRAW WHENEVER YOU WANT. MY NEW BOOTS ARE GETTING SOAKED.
YOU MUST REALIZE THAT WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT PROBLEMS THAN SOME LOONY ESCAPING FROM YOUR TEST CENTER.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT I PAY GOOD TAXES FOR--
BAH!

NEW BOOTS, HUH? GREAT. I NEED A NEW PAIR. YOURS WILL FIT ME JUST FINE.
CLICK!
YOU'RE IMPROVING, ROCK. YOU'RE ALMOST TOO FAST. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M HERE.
I MUST PAY YOU FOR THE DRINK AND MEALS. YOU'VE BEEN GOOD TO ME.
WE'LL MAKE MONTANA SWALLOW HIS WORDS. I'LL AIM THAT COLT BETTER THAN EVER.
YOU'LL BE MORE FAMOUS THAN WILD BILL.

SCREWING AROUND WITH HISTORY, HEY, SAMMY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
BE A GOOD FELLOW AND COME ALONG WITH US. THEY MISS YOU BACK AT THE WARD.
OKAY, SWITCH THE TIME-STOP BACK ON WHILE I GET THE TRANSMITTOR READY.
LET GO OF ME, YOU IDIOTS. I'M NOT FINISHED YET, ROCK! ROCK!
CHRIST, LOOK AT ALL THIS MUD!
ROCK!
VERY GOOD.
WHAT SIZE BOOT DO YOU TAKE, ROCK?
8½.
SORRY. THEY WON'T FIT. THEY'RE TOO BIG FOR YOU.

THE END

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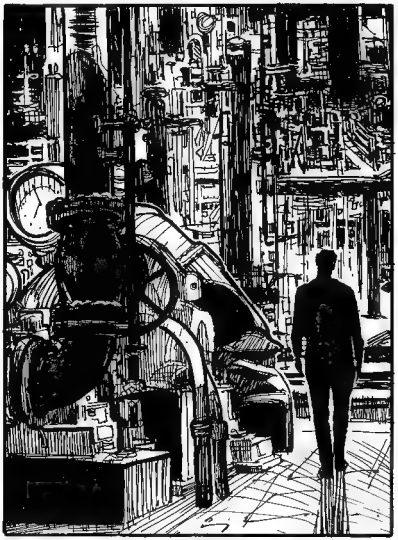
Party

A FULL MOON WINKS UPON A CHOSEN FEW
IN A WAY SOMEHOW ROMANTIC, THE OFFERING AWAITED FATE.
BLACK ROSES BLOOM AS IF SEALING HER DOOM...
...IN REFLECTIONS OF HER HATE.
A DATE...
...WITH THE DEVIL.
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

ALCANTARA

MICROCHIP PLAYHOUSE

SAINT AMOUR JUNE 91



Dear Heavy Metalers:

After having acquired the complete collection of *HM*s five years ago and every issue since, I now want to say something, too. Mainly this: I noticed in April that the cover price went up while paper grade went down. Hard times for us all, right? Right! (*True enough—our paper bill has taken an astronomical leap skyward in the last year, thus prompting the sixteen pages of pulp and a twenty-five percent increase in price. Both were unpleasant decisions made reluctantly. The bulk of the mag remains on the old snazzy paper stock, and we hope it'll be another four years before we have to raise the cover price again. —ls*) No matter, I still buy. After all, it's the contents that concerns us readers—that's what makes us want to buy our monthly dose of the human mind expanding creatively. Diversified, fantastic, and fortunately, improbable. That's what fantasy is all about.

I also like to read Chain Mail, because it gives me an idea who my co-readers are. (*Considering some of the letters we get, I think you're better off not knowing. —ls*) *HM* isn't a typical comic strip magazine. It's in a class by itself. Yeah, it's always lonely at the top (*Sure, just ask Bob Guccione. —ls*), but oh-so-satisfying to know you're the best! After seven years of *HM* addiction (what else can I call it?) I can still say: what will I find in this month's issue? I like that. For one thing, it shows that even in a worldwide crisis there is still one thing that hasn't gone bad. Don't let anyone tell you *HM* isn't tops—they simply can't cope with a wide viewpoint, and always need to put things within their own limited perceptions. Not me. I prefer to keep expanding my view, and *HM* is ideal for that. Nudity and violence are part of today's reality, whether I personally like it or not. Ditto for science fiction and fantasy, and the new forms of sounds. How boring life would be without fantasy.

Living in Europe, as I do, in a city where young people can make up their own minds, I have easy access to all *HM*-like communications: *Metal Hurlant*, the French edition, *Schwer Metal*, the German edition, and of late, the Dutch edition, *Zwaar Metaal*. I must say, though, that I prefer the combination of the two continents—*HM* from the U.S. with plenty of European material. After all, Europe and the States together make the best in the West, not to mention the present universality of the English language. Having been a New Yorker for five years (can never let go of that great city), I refuse to limit myself strictly to European values or American points of view. *HM* sits proper in my mind combining the old and the new—the old may be a bit rusty and the new sometimes too pushy, but in general *HM* shows that cooperation can have overall success.

Ricardo Windrich
Amsterdam, Holland

Dear *HM*:

As an avid reader of your publication, I have finally found the time to write a letter to you. I have a few complaints (I'll bet you've heard that one before). (*Never!—ls*)

1. More Ranxerox! Liberatore is one of the most violent, obscene, and disgustingly clever madmen I've ever seen bless your pages. I love it! (*Relax. More is on the way—that is, if Liberatore ever comes back from the leather bars to visit his drawing board. See the item in this month's Dossier. —ls*)

2. Don't ever let Paul Kirchner and Jeff Jones leave your magazine! "The Bus" and "I'm Age" are the two most intelligent sections of your magazine. (*Kirchner appears to be terminally addicted to his monthly check—someday someone will analyze what we use for ink on those things. Jeff Jones has unfortunately elected to discontinue "I'm Age" for the moment. We'll all miss his delicately expressive pen work, and hope he'll return to these pages soon. —ls*)

3. Please, someone take Rod Kierkegaard's crayons away! Although I've enjoyed "Rock Opera" for what seems an eternity, the strip has, ever since Marty hijacked the Space Skuttle, slowly declined in quality. I'd like to see the end of this story—but not necessarily the strip—because I think Mr. Kierkegaard has the ability to do something more intelligent with Gollywog and company. (*Have you found "The Rise and Fall of Rock Starzborne" more to your liking?—ls*)

Alan L. Tyler
Eldred, PA

Dear Editor of the Irate Readers Section:

Okay people, just how much do you expect a loyal subscriber to take? I've kept quiet through the occasional sub-standard art and ridiculous plots of the last five years or so, but "Lann" is my limit. You might as well call it "Little Annie Fannie Goes Galactic" and sell it to *Hustler*. Most of your space-slut strips have had one redeeming factor, whether art or story, but "Lann" is nothing but tits and an itchy slit. The art deserves newsprint, not your nice glossy stuff (and although I'm not going to mention this—picky, picky—"Tex Arcana" deserves better). Don't panic, though, I won't cancel my sub until I can no longer find Bilal, Findley, or Renard and Schuiten amongst your pretty pages.

Nancy Hull
San Diego, CA

Dear *HM*:

Okay, so what's this I hear about Lou Stathis leaving *HM* for a job as guest host on "Solid Gold," eh? C'mon Lou, the Solid Gold Dancers would look funny kickstepping to SPK while dressed in Mole suits. Besides they'll never give you the job until they find out what you've done with Casey Kasem. (*I'll never tell. That's between you, me, and the government of Nicaragua. —ls*) So please Lou, keep your job at *Heavy Metal* where people respect you, and keep up the good work as editor, or whatever your job is. Believe me, just "Spot the rotten and you'll be okay." (Ralph J. Resident, 1974).

Mark Thanatos
Mt. Juliet, TN

Dear *HM*:

I'd like to congratulate you on having a pompous ass like Lou Stathis on your editorial staff. His comments in Chain Mail are important in showing us that a sarcastic asshole can make it in the real world. I'm sure a lot of class clowns and other jerks are glad to know this. (*Someone out there has finally ascertained the true meaning of my selfless existence. Thank you. —ls*)

Vivian Moskol
Noblesville, IN

Dear *HM*:

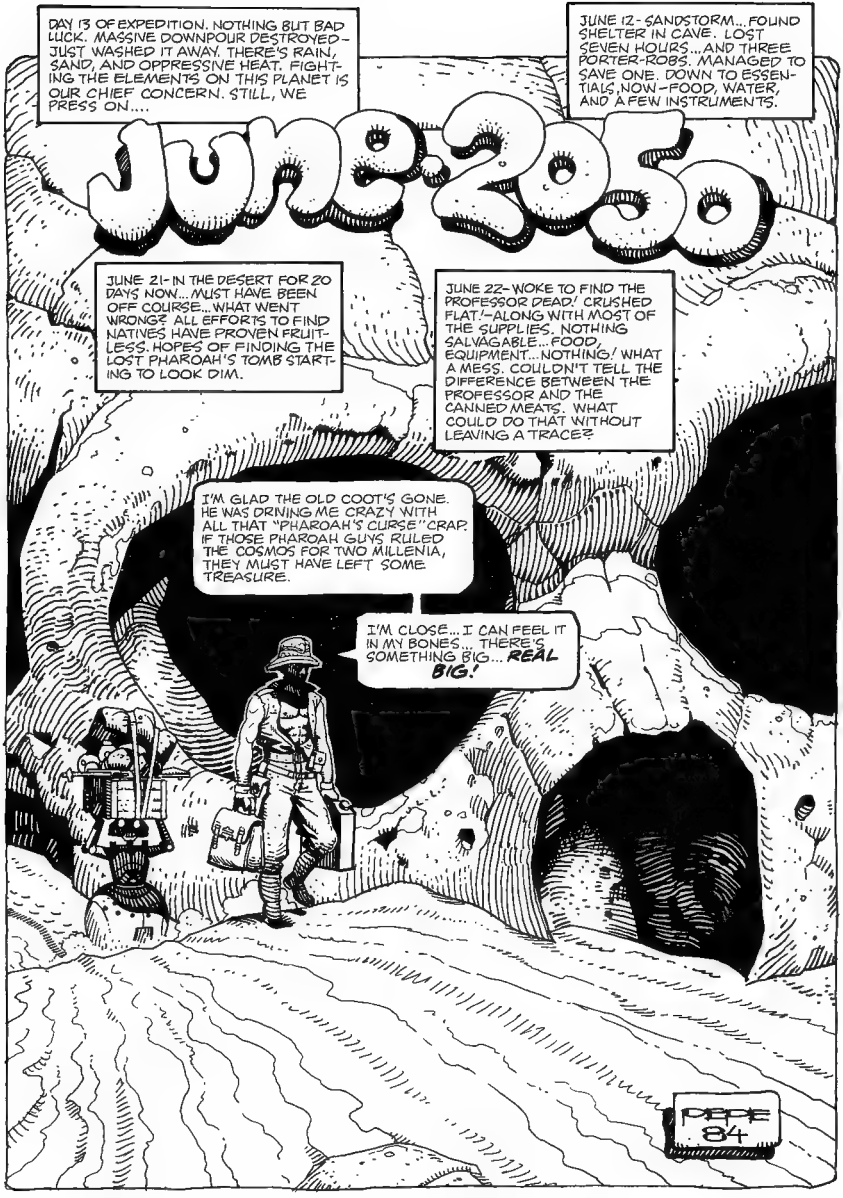
I am a sixty-three-year-old, anally-completist traveling body bag salesman from Tacoma, Washington. Other than being obsessively resplendent in my collections, I haven't got a whole lot going for me except for some bootleg SPK videos and *HM*. I currently own every copy of *HM* ever distributed in the state of Washington since 1977 (yes, that's me out there). Each issue is carefully wrapped in aluminum foil and then placed within sixteen layers of plastic bags (I'm in the plastic bag business, too). I keep these packed inside my mattress, door mat, place mats, etc. Lately though, I've begun to wonder if I should continue to purchase the magazine for two reasons. First off, other than Lou Stathis's music column, I see no point in the rest of the magazine. As it stands now I only xerox Lou's section and distribute it among my friends (I do this so as not to damage one of the rare 1500 copies I have of each issue). Even so, I find that it's not even exciting to color-xerox Lou's section anymore since it seems to have lost almost all color. Secondly, I'm running out of space to hide all my issues.

I agree with Mr. Dogfucker (refer Chain Mail, June 1984 issue, page seventy, first letter, upper left-hand corner column) in the need for more quality material. In fact, I was so impressed with Mr. Dogfucker (I call him "Nazi" now that I know him on a personal level), that I flew to Fort Worth, Texas, to meet him. He owns the world's largest collection of Doberman pinschers as well as bootleg Throbbing Gristle videos. It just so happens that I have the world's largest collection of bags (need any?) and was able to tie up a major deal with Mr. Dogfucker. Mr. Dogfucker has also expressed his hopes to one day seal the entire state of Texas in a plastic bag and mail it to N.Y.C. He feels this might alleviate the high rent costs there.

If nothing else, I personally feel that what is left of *HM* after Lou, is only worthwhile in the sense that occasionally one gets the chance to meet someone as interesting as Mr. Dogfucker. *HM* is conducive to heavy sales in the ever growing field of plastic bags, at least. Thanks to *HM*, Mr. Dogfuckfucker and I now have a working relationship, with bags to boot.

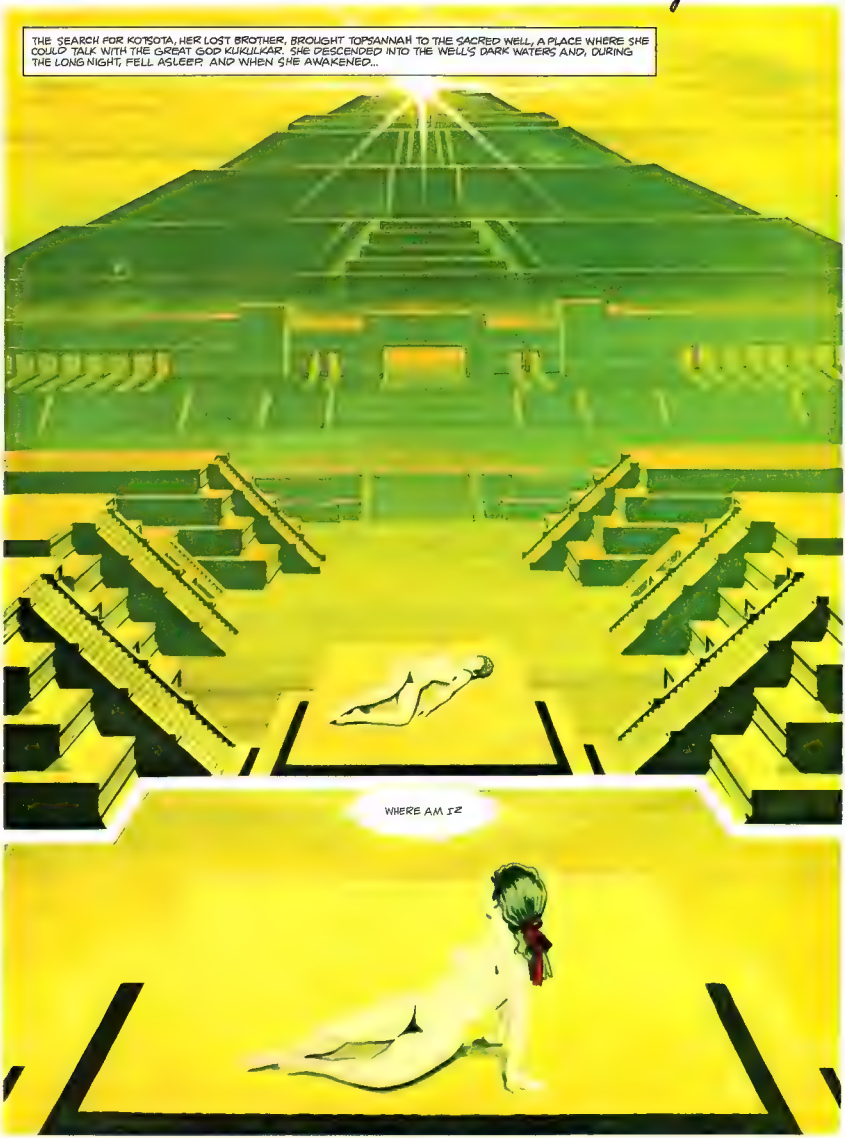
Mink Mole
Tacoma, WA

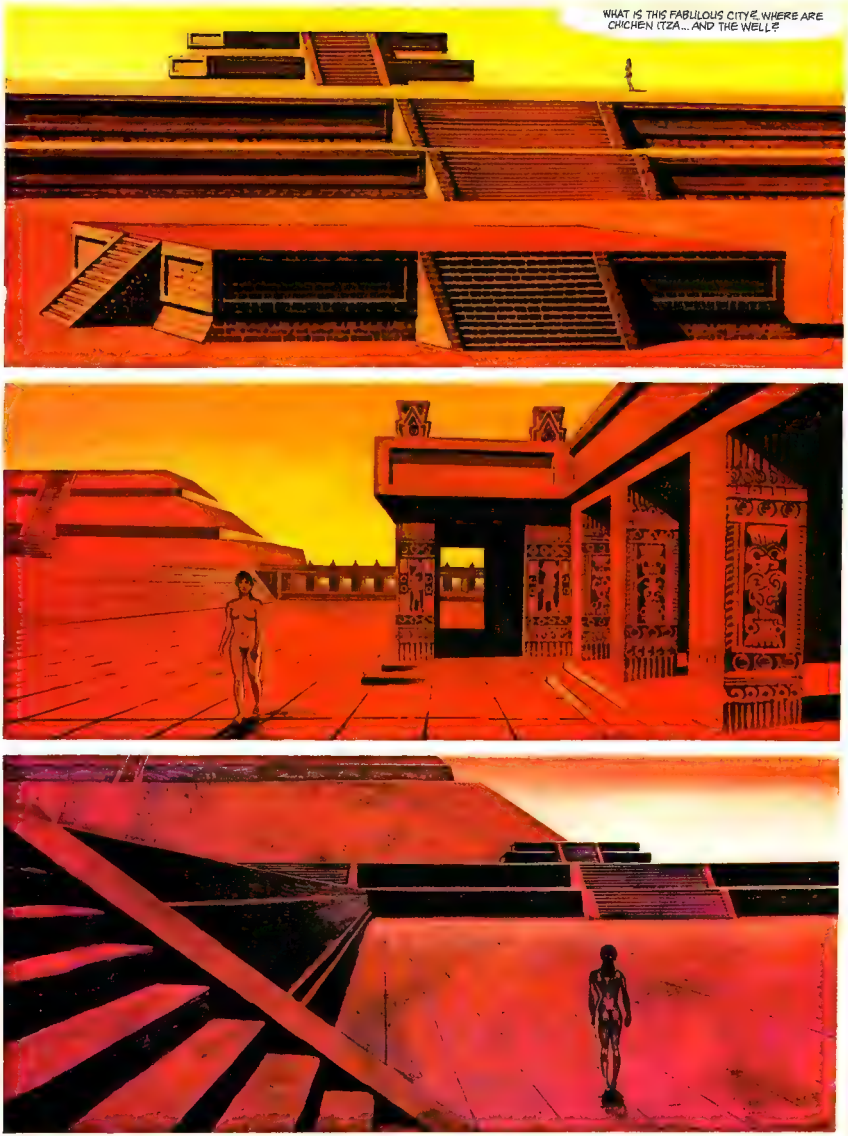
P.S. And we're gonna get that guy from Journey, yet!


DAY 13 OF EXPEDITION. NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK. MASSIVE DOWNPOUR DESTROYED - JUST WASHED IT AWAY. THERE'S RAIN, SAND, AND OPPRESSIVE HEAT. FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS ON THIS PLANET IS OUR CHIEF CONCERN. STILL, WE PRESS ON....
JUNE 12- SANDSTORM... FOUND SHELTER IN CAVE. LOST SEVEN HOURS... AND THREE PORTER-BOTS. MANAGED TO SAVE ONE. DOWN TO ESSENTIALS, NOW - FOOD, WATER, AND A FEW INSTRUMENTS.
JUNE 2050
JUNE 21- IN THE DESERT FOR 20 DAYS NOW... MUST HAVE BEEN OFF COURSE... WHAT WENT WRONG? ALL EFFORTS TO FIND NATIVES HAVE PROVEN FRUITLESS. HOPES OF FINDING THE LOST PHAROAH'S TOMB STARTING TO LOOK DIM.
JUNE 22- WOKE TO FIND THE PROFESSOR DEAD! CRUSHED FLAT!- ALONG WITH MOST OF THE SUPPLIES. NOTHING SALVAGABLE... FOOD, EQUIPMENT... NOTHING! WHAT A MESS. COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PROFESSOR AND THE CANNED MEATS. WHAT COULD DO THAT WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE?
I'M GLAD THE OLD COOT'S GONE. HE WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH ALL THAT "PHAROAH'S CURSE" CRAP. IF THOSE PHAROAH GUYS RULED THE COSMOS FOR TWO MILLENIA, THEY MUST HAVE LEFT SOME TREASURE.
I'M CLOSE... I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES... THERE'S SOMETHING BIG... REAL BIG!
PEPE 84

THE GREAT PASSAGE

by Jeronaton


THE SEARCH FOR KOTSOTA, HER LOST BROTHER, BROUGHT TOPSANNAH TO THE SACRED WELL, A PLACE WHERE SHE COULD TALK WITH THE GREAT GOD KUKULKAR. SHE DESCENDED INTO THE WELL'S DARK WATERS AND, DURING THE LONG NIGHT, FELL ASLEEP. AND WHEN SHE AWAKENED...
WHERE AM IZ


WHAT IS THIS FABULOUS CITY? WHERE ARE CHICHEN ITZA... AND THE WELL?

HAVE I SUCCEEDED? IF SO, THEN THAT LIGHT FROM THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID MUST BE...

YES! I AM KUKULKAR! COME FORWARD!
AND YOU ARE TOPSANNAH, THE BRAVE DAUGHTER OF MEN WHO IS SEARCHING FOR HER BROTHER... GREEDY FOR TRUTH . AND PURITY.
YOU ARE HERE AT THE HEART OF THE PLACE WHERE THE GODS OF THIS CONTINENT ARE BORN.

DID KOTSOTA MEET YOU? DID HE FIND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR?
DID HE FIND HIS TRUTH?..IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN? HAHA! OH, CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY, HE MET ME. BUT AT THAT MOMENT, MY SITUATION WAS VERY DIFFICULT, AND I COULDN'T DO VERY MUCH FOR HIM.
THERE! THAT'S IT! SEE? MY FOE IS COMING BACK! AND FOR GOOD, THIS TIME!
MY WEAPONS.. QUICKLY!
HERE ARE YOUR SWORD AND SHIELD, O MIGHTY KUKULKAR.
KUKULKAR! WHO ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
HUIZILIPOCHTLI!

WHO IS HUIZILIPOCHTLI?
THE AFFAIRS OF MEN ARE NOT GOOD, MY LITTLE TOPSANNAH. ONCE I WAS PERHAPS THE GREATEST GOD ON THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN. BUT DIVINITIES ARE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF HUMANITY. THEY ARE BORN, THEY LIVE, AND THEY DIE, NOT ONLY IN THE SKY, BUT ALSO IN THE MINDS OF THEIR WORSHIPERS.
I, THE QUETZALCOATL OF THE TOLTECS, THE KUKULKAR OF THE MAYANS... I, WHO LOVE FLOWERS, BEAUTY, AND KINDNESS... HERE I AM BEING OFFERED THE BLOOD OF ANIMALS... AND OF MEN.
YES! I KNOW. BUT WHY WAS THERE SUCH A CHANGE?
TWO NEW GODS... WEAK AND INSIGNIFICANT THOUGH THEY BE... HAVE APPEARED RECENTLY. THESE DIVINITIES ARE THE PRODUCTS OF A SICK HUMANITY. THEY ARE HUIZILIPOCHTLI, GOD OF WAR, AND TAZCATLIPOCA, GOD OF SICKNESS AND SUFFERING.
THEIR GOAL IS TO DESTROY ME AND TO DELIVER MEN TO THE WORST PLAGUES. THERE CAN BE. AND HERE I STAND TALKING WHILE WAR ARRIVES.. AND I CAN'T AVOID IT.
WARE THAT BALL OF FIRE IS.. WARE

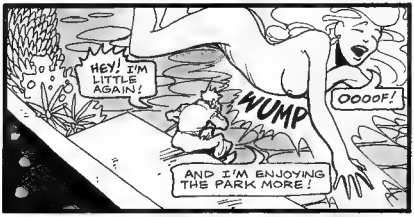
AH! I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE WAITING FOR ME, O LITTLE GOD OF PEACE... AND WITH WEAPONS AT HAND! SUCH IS NOT YOUR CUSTOM. STILL, I HATE TO WIN WITHOUT FIGHTING AND OUR CONFRONTATION WILL BE VERY SHORT... AND VERY PLEASANT.
O MY FRIEND TLALOC CHOC-MOOL, GOD OF RAIN AND FERTILITY... TAKE THIS WOMAN TOWARDS THE SOUTH WHERE HER BROTHER DISAPPEARED.
KUKULKAR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR ME, TOPSANNAH. BUT I'VE ADMIRED YOUR TENACITY, SO I AM GOING TO HELP YOU. BUT IT MUST BE DONE QUICKLY.
O MEN, HERE IS THE DAWN OF A NEW WORLD. THE ERA OF CONQUERORS AND OF THE GLORIOUS NOISE OF WEAPONS IS UPON YOU NOW!

TLALOC! WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE GOING TOWARDS THE SOUTH WHERE THE GREATEST AMONG US DWELLS...TONATIUH VIRACOCHA, THE PROTECTIVE SUN GOD OF BIROU AND THE QUETCHUAS INDIANS.
WE ARE FLYING OVER THE KINGDOM OF CHIMOR RIGHT NOW. I MUST LEAVE YOU HERE BECAUSE MY FOLLOWERS ARE ALREADY FAR BEHIND AND I AM FORBIDDEN TO GO ANY FURTHER! FAREWELL! THERE IS THE GREAT CONDOR OF THE ANDES. IT WILL SERVE AS YOUR GUIDE.

TO BE CONTINUED

JUNE 29

by MARK WHEATLEY



HERE I COME!
PANT NOT FAR NOW WEEZE
GASP PANT AGGGK!
POOR OLD GEEZER— HE ALMOST MADE IT!
KEEP THIS UP, OLD BOY, AND YOU'LL NEVER LIVE ANOTHER 150 YEARS!
I THINK IT WAS THE RAREBIT HE HAD FOR LUNCH, DOCTOR.
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PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM! COLLECTOR'S ISSUES DISAPPEAR FAST! ORDER YOURS NOW!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH, BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND...
...AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman"'s final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schulten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted

White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Saun's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

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The Hunting Party

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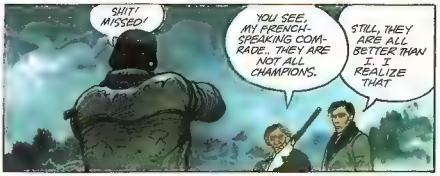
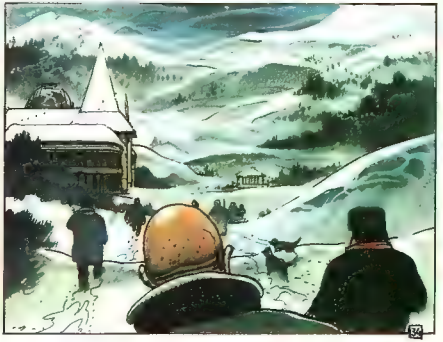
THE GROUP OF HIGH-RANKING COMMUNIST PARTY OFFICIALS, SOME OF WHOM HAVE NOT SEEN ONE ANOTHER SINCE THEIR YOUNGER, MORE REVOLUTIONARY DAYS, HAS GATHERED IN AN ISOLATED MOUNTAIN RETREAT. TOGETHER AGAIN, THEY ARE TRAIPSING THROUGH FRESHLY-FALLEN SNOW AT THE START OF... THE HUNT.


SHIT! MISSED!
YOU SEE, MY FRENCH-SPEAKING COMRADE.. THEY ARE NOT ALL CHAMPIONS.
STILL, THEY ARE ALL BETTER THAN I. I REALIZE THAT

AH, WELL...EVENING IS FALLING.. IT WILL BE TIME TO STOP SOON

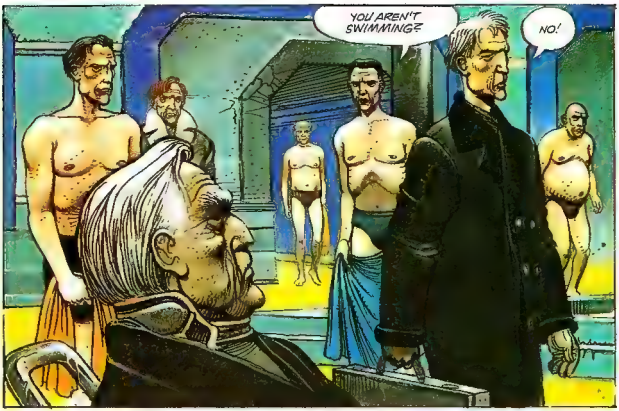


THIS IS SPLENDID COUNTRY THERE IS NO DENYING IT. YOU ORGANIZED THE HUNT BEAUTIFULLY, TADEUSZ.
LET'S DRINK TO THAT! A LITTLE WHISKEY?
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, EVGUENI... THESE LITTLE FEATHERED AND FURRY BEASTS OF YOUR SPORTING AFFECTION!.. HAHAH!
VASIL, YOU WOULD DO WELL TO DISTRUST THE EFFECT OF THE CAPITALISTIC ALCOHOL ON YOUR TONGUE.
BAH
DO YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF A HELI-COPTER?
IT IS THEM! THEY ARE RIGHT ON TIME!
THE SERIOUS HUNTING CAN'T BEGIN UNTIL AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF OUR LAST GUESTS.
AH! THAT'S TRUE! AHA HAHA HAH!
35

WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?
FROM AKADEMGORODOK. THEY WERE AT A SUMMIT CONFERENCE ON INDUSTRIAL EXCHANGES BETWEEN BROTHER COUNTRIES
BRR.. SIBERIA I'LL NEVER LIKE IT. BROTHER COUNTRY OR NOT.
THEY TOOK A PLANE TO THE MILITARY AERODROME AT TCHERNIGOV, THEN THIS HELICOPTER TO HERE.
YOU SEE THAT ONE... THE ONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A TRULY EFFICIENT MANAGER? HE IS THE FAMOUS GUNTER SCHÜTZ, WHO WAS BORN IN BERLIN AT THE SAME TIME AS NAZIISM.
HE WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT OF PHILOSOPHY AND ECONOMY... WHO LATER MADE IMPORTANT AND INNOVATIVE CONCEPTIONS IN THE AREA OF PRODUCTION. HE WAS QUICKLY NOTICED BY VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH AND WAS MADE A POLICY-MAKING MEMBER OF THE EAST GERMAN POLITBURO BEFORE GOING ON TO DIRECT THE SPECIALIZED SCHOOL OF THE R.D.A.
AND NOW?
34

NOW GUNTHER SCHUTZ IS ONE OF THE HEADS OF COMECON.. BEFORE HIM, NO ONE REALLY KNEW WHY OUR COMMON MARKET WORKED SO POORLY. NOW, WE KNOW.
AND IN YOUR OPINION, DOES IT WORK BETTER?
NO. BUT KNOWLEDGE IS PRICELESS FOR A SCIENTIFIC REGIME SUCH AS OURS.
NONSENSE.
AND HIM? HE DOESN'T EMBRACE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH?
YOU ARE BECOMING OBSERVANT, COMRADE. INDEED, SERGUEI CHARVINDZÉ DOESN'T HAVE TO EMBRACE THE ONE HE HAS BEEN DESIGNATED TO SUCCEED.
BESIDES, RATHER THAN CHATTERING, YOU CAN ACCOMPANY HIM. HE DOESN'T SPEAK ANY FOREIGN LANGUAGES AND HE JUST DOESN'T CARE TOO MUCH FOR ME, SO.
...SO IT'S GOING TO BE UP TO YOU TO WORK FOR THE GOOD OF THE SOCIALIST CAMP WHOSE DESTINIES ARE GUIDED BY SERGUEI.
ВОТ ТВОЙ ПЕРЕВОДЧИК, СЕРГЕЙ...ЭТОЙ ФРАНЦУЗ ЕСТЬ СТУДЕНТОМ ПОСЛЕДНЕГО ГОДА МОСКОВСКОГО УНИВЕРСИТЕТА.
ОЧЕНЬ ХОРОШО...
HOW CLEVER TO HAVE CHOSEN A FRENCHMAN. MORE NEUTRAL.
YES, THAT WAS VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH'S IDEA.
НУ, МОЛНАР, КАК ДЕЛА В БУДАПЕШТЕ?
ЕШ... НОGY VAN BUDAPESTEN?
И В ПРАТЕ, СПОКОЙНО?
GOOD IDEA.
LET'S NOT STAY HERE ANY MORE! LET'S GO TO THE WINTER GARDEN AND HAVE A DRINK.
GOOD IDEA.

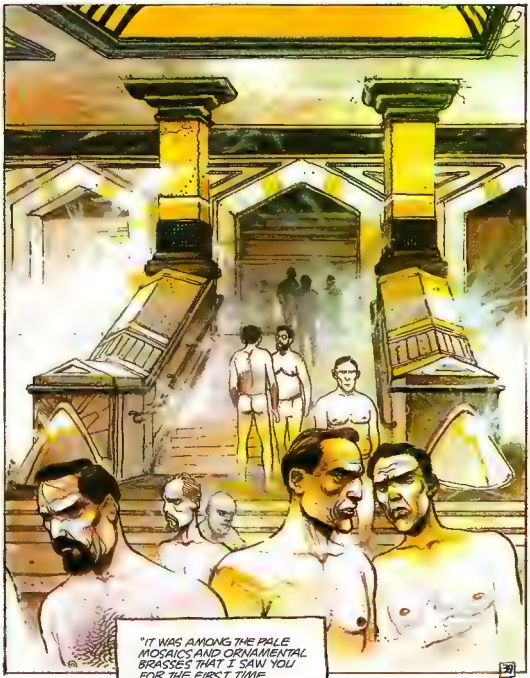
I PROPOSE THAT WE INAUGURATE THE HEATED UNDERGROUND POOL THAT I WAS IN CHARGE OF INSTALLING
WHY NOT? THAT WILL REFRESH US AFTER THE FATIGUE OF THE HUNT...
...AND THE WEARINESS OF THE TRIP WHAT DO YOU SAY, GÜNTHER?
A VERY BEAUTIFUL INSTALLATION.
IT'S NOT BAD. THE ENTIRE SYSTEM WAS IMPORTED FROM THE U.S.
I THOUGHT THAT THE OUTSIDE FINANCIAL DEBT FORBADE THIS KIND OF FANTASY.
OH, COME, NOW. IT DEPENDS ON FOR WHOM, AND FOR WHAT THE MONEY IS SPENT. YOU KNOW THAT. YOU'RE THE EXPERT
YOU OUGHT TO REMEMBER WHAT I WROTE, TADEUSZ. I DON'T APPROVE OF ANY SUCH UNNECESSARY EXPENDITURE. IT'S... IT'S SO DECADENT!
AH, BUT THERE IS NO PERSONAL PROFIT INVOLVED. I HAVE FOLLOWED THE DIRECTIVES TO THE LETTER AND--
AH, YES! PRIVILEGES COME AND GO... AND FINALLY IT IS THE ONES LIKE YOU WHO PROFIT FROM SUCH "UNNECESSARY EXPENDITURES", HUH, GÜNTHER?
PFFFFT!


YOU AREN'T SWIMMING?
NO!

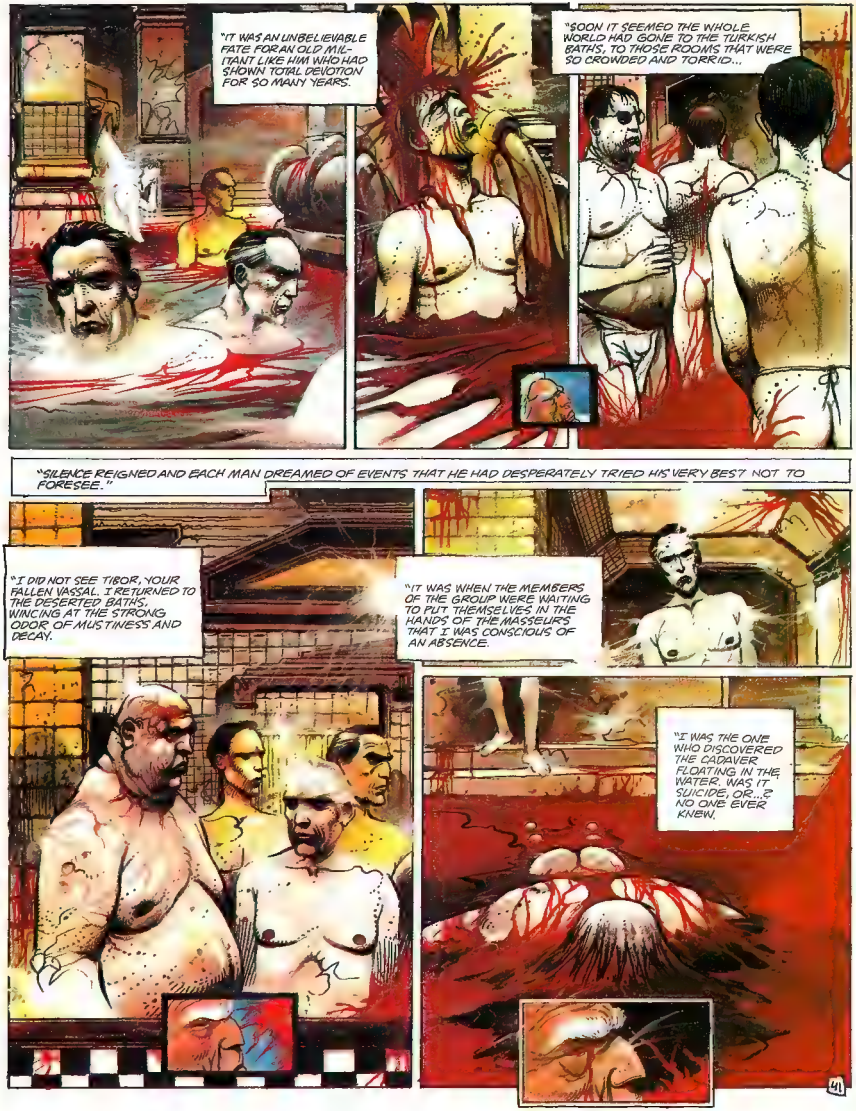
PERHAPS GÜNTHER IS AFRAID OF THE WATER HAHA!

CURIOUS, ISN'T IT, VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH? THIS POOL, I MEAN...

DOES IT REMIND YOU.. AS IT DOES ME... OF BUDAPEST IN JULY OF '56 WHEN THE INSURRECTION WAS APPROACHING?


"IT WAS AMONG THE PALE MOSAICS AND ORNAMENTAL BRASSES THAT I SAW YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"YOU WERE IN THE HOTTEST OF THE THERMAL BATHS THAT WE HUNGARIANS ALWAYS LOVED.
"I WAS IN THE TEPID WATER OF THE BATH, THE ONE RESERVED FOR THE 'SMALL POTATOES'. I WAS ONLY A YOUNG JOURNALIST FROM SZABAD NEP, THE PARTY'S NEWSPAPER.
"WE DIDN'T HEAR YOUR WORDS. NO, ONLY THE MURMURING OF THE WATER GUSHING FROM THE ANIMAL HEAD FOUNTAINS REACHED US...
"...BUT WE ALL KNEW THAT YOU HAD COME TO DISCHARGE THE BEHIND-THE-TIMES STALINISTS WHO HAD NOT UNDERSTOOD THAT ONE HAD TO CHANGE STYLE IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN A RAPPORT WITH KHRUSCHEV."
AND UNDER THE STEAMING CASCADE WHICH MASKED HIS FACE, I KNEW THAT TIBOR ILLYES CRIED WHILE HEARING WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR HIM.
40


"IT WAS AN UNBELIEVABLE FATE FOR AN OLD MILITANT LIKE HIM WHO HAD SHOWN TOTAL DEVOTION FOR SO MANY YEARS.
"SOON IT SEEMED THE WHOLE WORLD HAD GONE TO THE TURKISH BATHS, TO THOSE ROOMS THAT WERE SO CROWDED AND TORRID...
"SILENCE REIGNED AND EACH MAN DREAMED OF EVENTS THAT HE HAD DESPERATELY TRIED HIS VERY BEST NOT TO FORESEE."
"I DID NOT SEE TIBOR, YOUR FALLEN VASSAL. I RETURNED TO THE DESERTED BATHS, WINCING AT THE STRONG ODOR OF MUSTINESS AND DECAY.
"IT WAS WHEN THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP WERE WAITING TO PUT THEMSELVES IN THE HANDS OF THE MASSEURS THAT I WAS CONSCIOUS OF AN ABSENCE.
"I WAS THE ONE WHO DISCOVERED THE CADAVER FLOATING IN THE WATER. WAS IT SUICIDE, OR...? NO ONE EVER KNEW.
41

"PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE I BROKE THE NEWS TO YOU FIRST THAT YOU TOOK A LIKING TO ME?"
"YES, I OFTEN ASKED MYSELF WHY, WHEN YOU CAME BACK TO OUR DEVASTATED CAPITAL, YOU CHOSE ME INSTEAD OF SO MANY OTHERS"
"OF COURSE, I HADN'T TAKEN PART IN THE REBELLION AND MY FAILURE TO DO SO HAD BEEN TAKEN FOR CLEVERNESS."
BUT WHEN I HAD TAKEN PART IN THE REORGANIZATION OF THE POLITICAL POLICE AFTER THE CRUSHING OF THE RE-VOLT..
"... AND THEN TRAVELED BY YOUR SIDE TO MOSCOW TO DO MY POLITICAL APPRENTICESHIP..."
"... I COULD NOT ESCAPE THE IRONY OF IT... THAT I HAD BEEN THE ONE WHO FOUND THE BODY OF MY PREDECESSOR."
IT IS TIME FOR DINNER, GENTLEMEN.
42

TO BE CONTINUED

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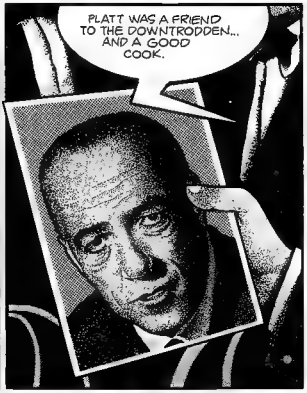
THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE ON THE MERITS OF ED PLATT

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE HAS HIS SAY ON THE MATTER OF ED PLATT

HIS VIEWS, LONG REVERED, MAKE FOR MAJESTIC FRONT PAGE COPY.



LATER, THE LORD'S LIASON WITH THE CONTESSA REACHES AN EMOTIONAL PEAK.

IN SUMMATION, THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE IS ALWAYS CORRECT

DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?
YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.
NATIONAL LAMPOON
If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog

DAN REISEN

NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING. THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

Sirs.

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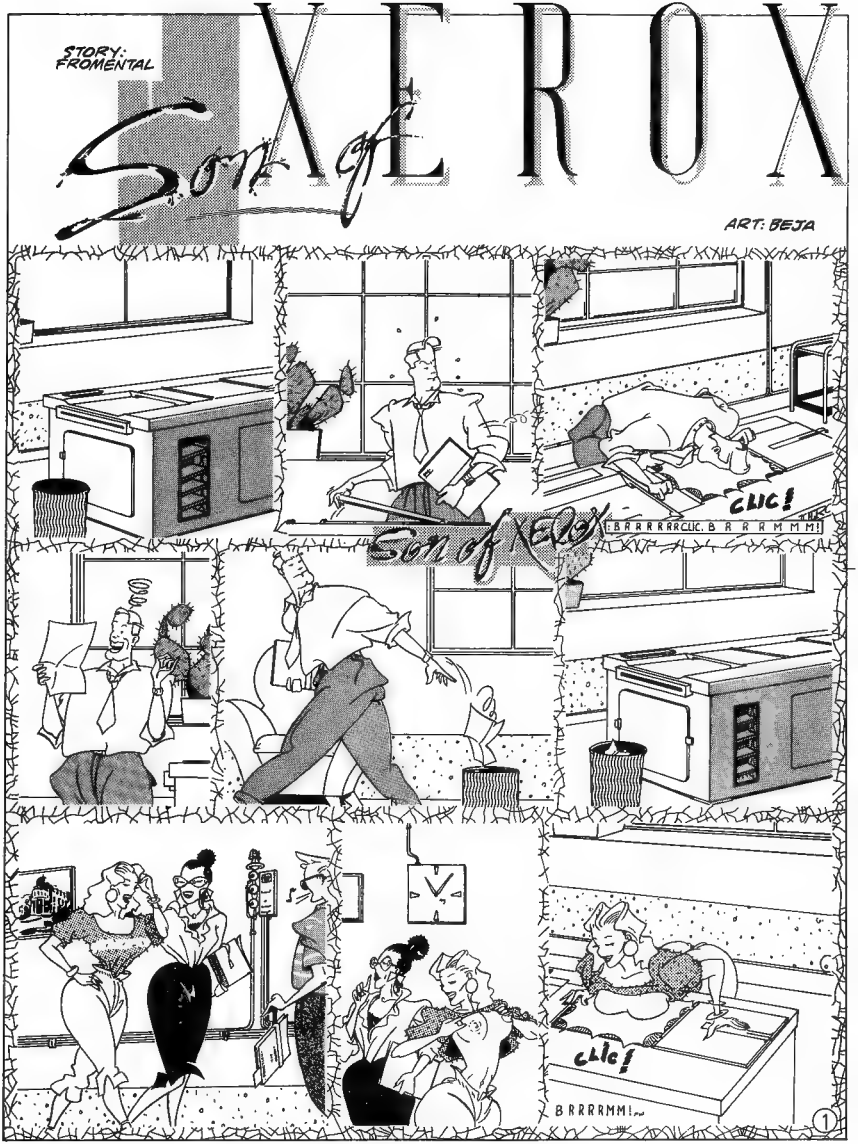
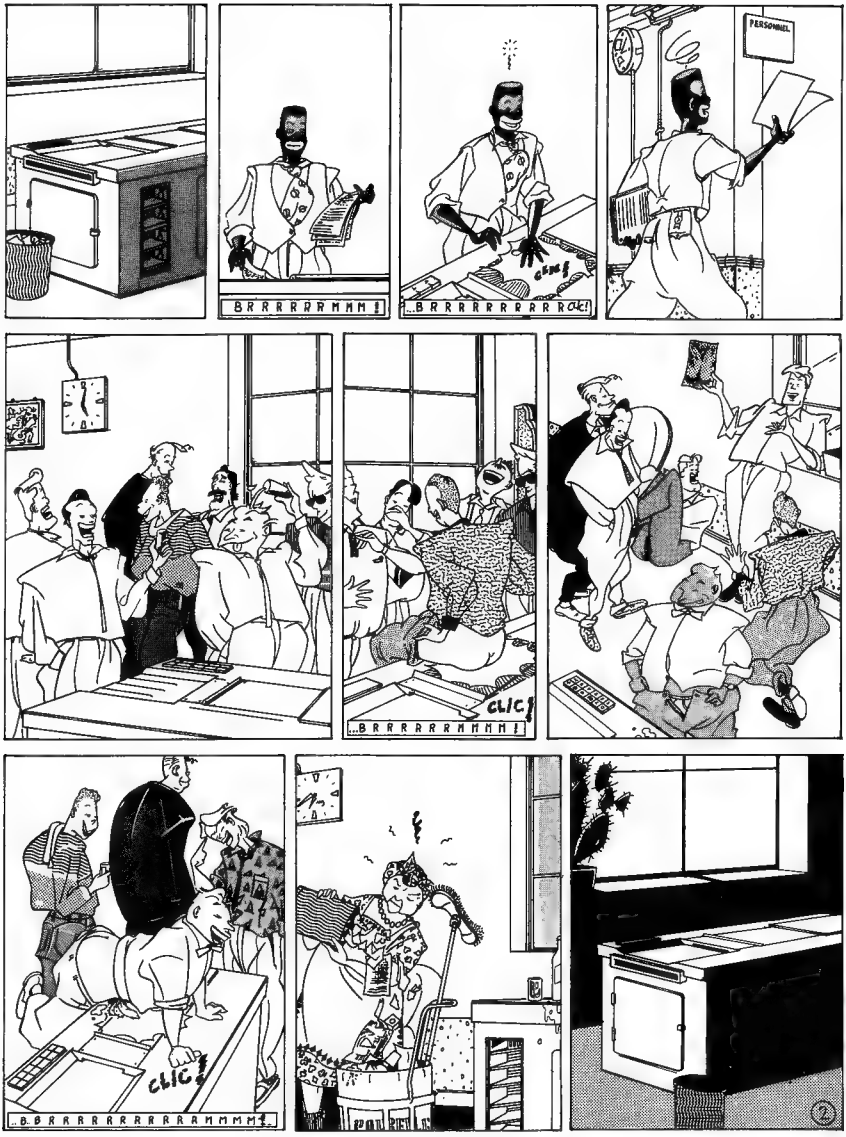
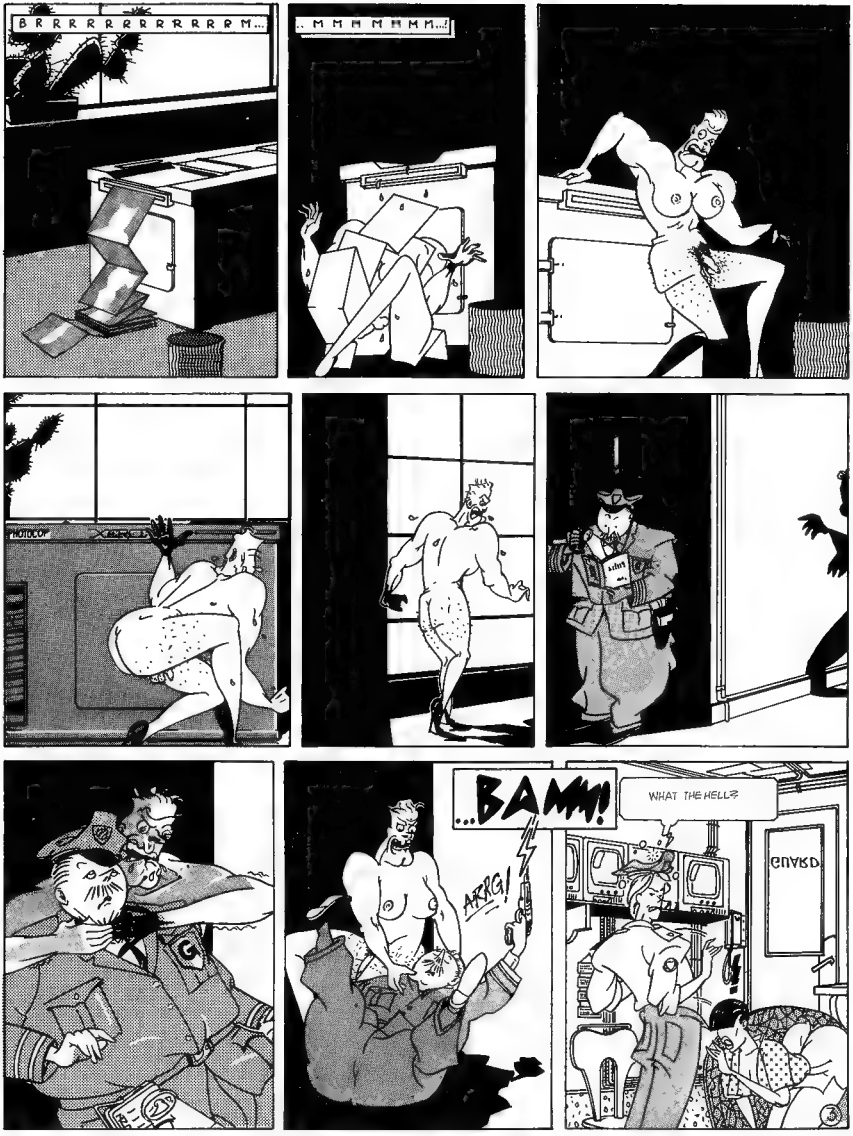
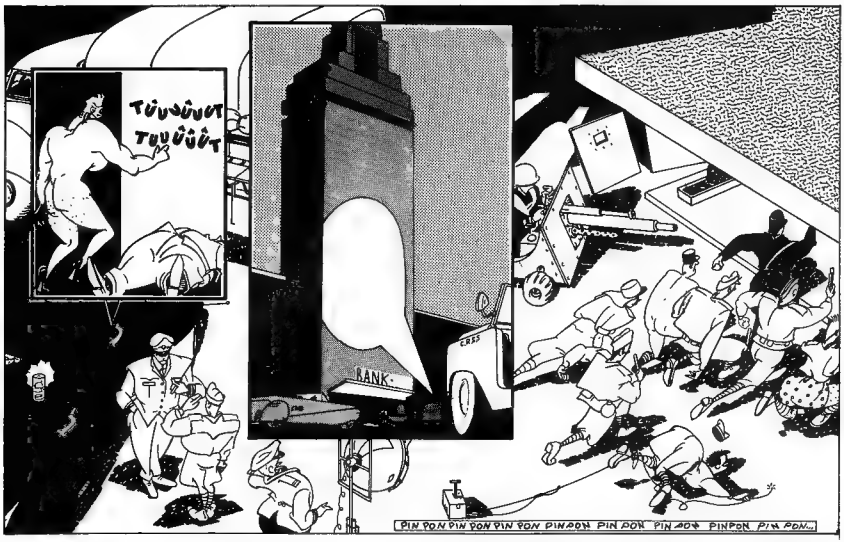
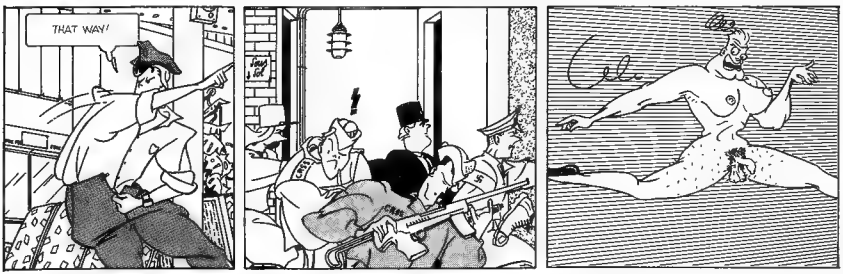
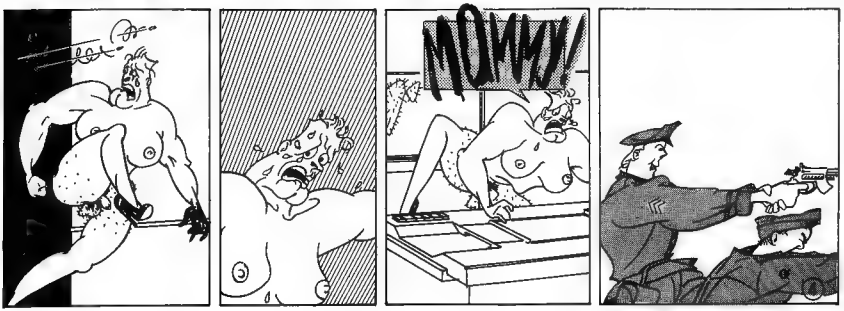

STORY: FROMENTAL
Son of XEROX
ART: BEJA
CLIC!
BRRRRRRCLIC. BRRRMMM!
Son of Xerox
CLIC!
BRRRRMM!...
1

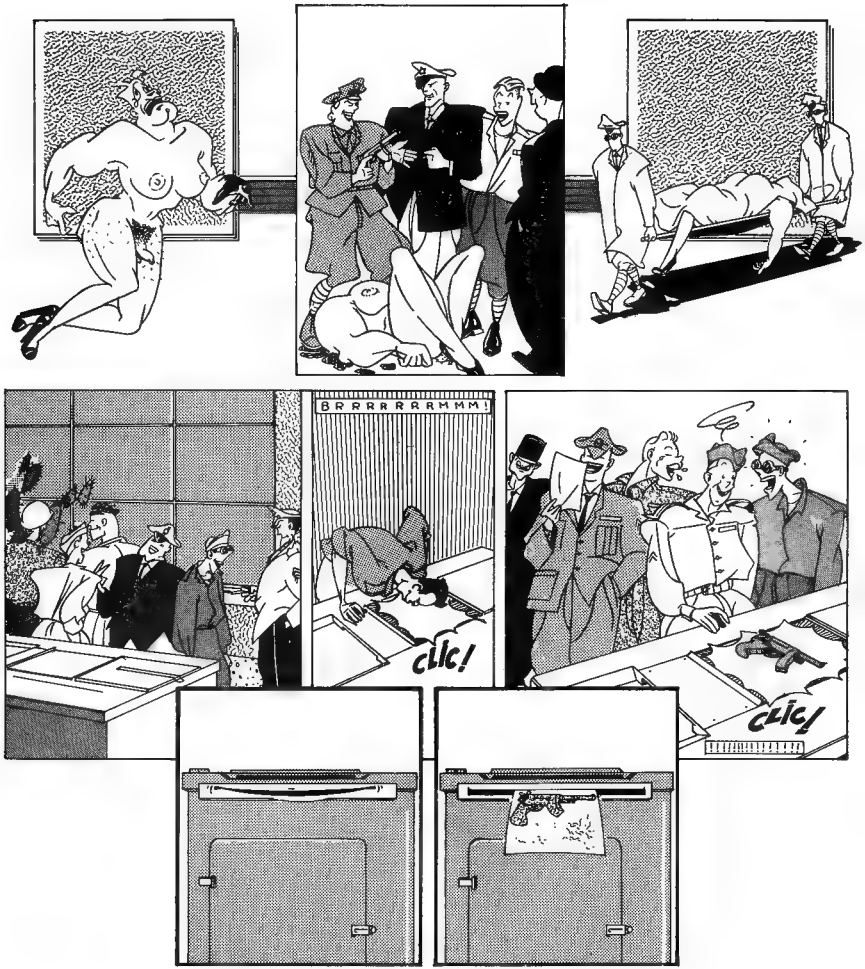

BRRRRRRMMM!
...BRRRRRRRRRRR!
clac!
PERSONNEL
CLIC!
...BRRRRRRRRRRR!
SECRETARIAT
...BRRRRRRRRRR


BRRRRRRRRRRRRRM...
..MMMMMMMM...!
PHOTOCOP
..BAM!
AKKG!
WHAT THE HELL?
CRAUD


TUUUUUT
TUUUUT
RANK
PIN PON PIN PON PIN PON PINPON PIN PON PIN PON PINPON PIN PON...


THAT WAY!


MOMMY!


BRRRRRRRRMMM!
CLIC!
CLIC!
FIN

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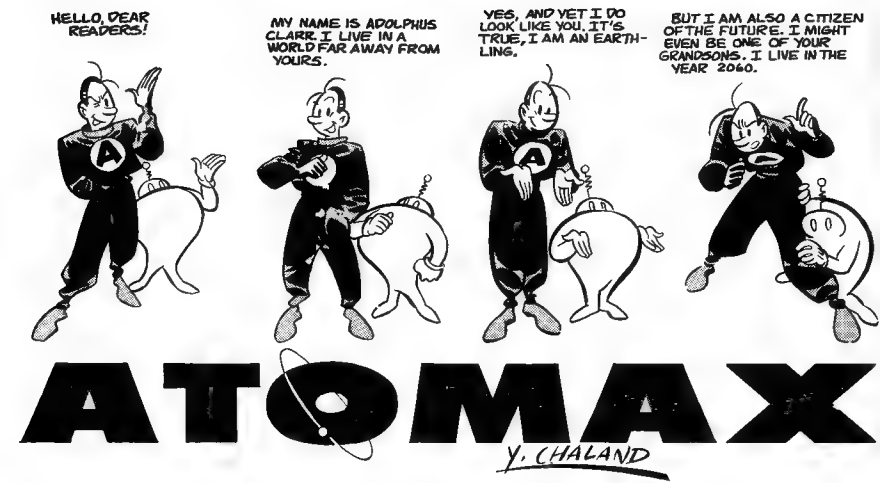
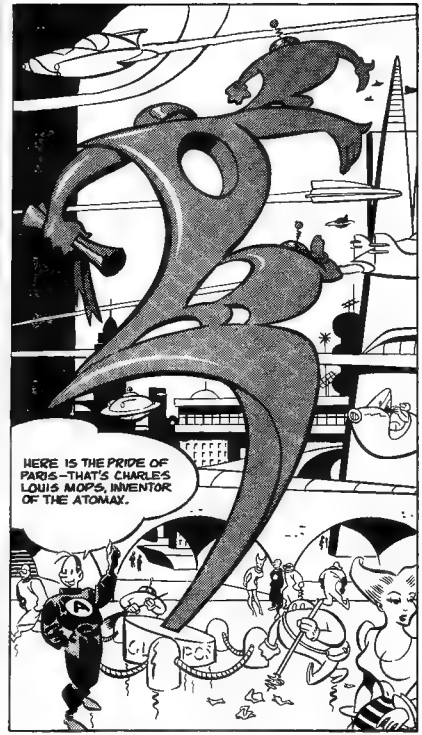

HELLO, DEAR READERS!
MY NAME IS ADOLPHUS CLARR. I LIVE IN A WORLD FAR AWAY FROM YOURS.
YES, AND YET I DO LOOK LIKE YOU. IT'S TRUE, I AM AN EARTH-LING.
BUT I AM ALSO A CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE. I MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF YOUR GRANDSONS. I LIVE IN THE YEAR 2060.

ATOMAX

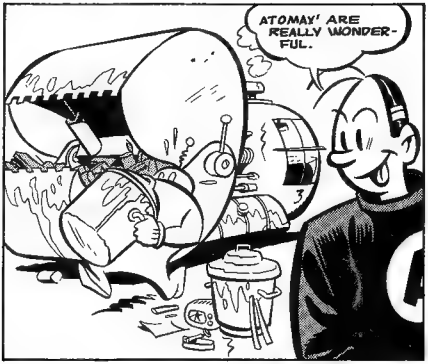
Y. CHALAND

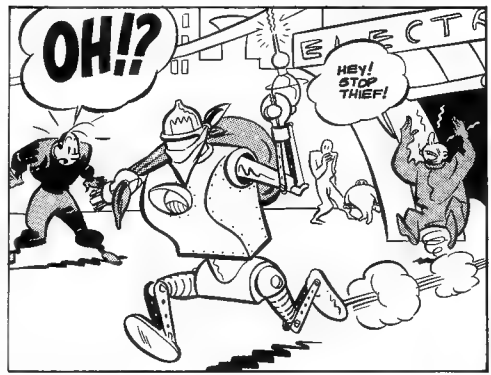
PERHAPS YOU ARE WONDERING WHO THESE LITTLE GUYS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE ARE. NO, THEY AREN'T MARTIANS, THEY ARE ATOMAX!
LOOK! THEY ARE STRETCHABLE AND FLEXIBLE!
I CAN TELL BY YOUR EXPRESSIONS THAT YOU THINK I'M A HEARTLESS BRUTE. AU CONTRAIRE! ATOMAX FEEL NO PAIN!
QUESTION: WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? ANSWER: WE MAKE THEM. FOLLOW ME TO THE FACTORY.
LOOK: I PUT 23 TRILLION ATOMS OF HYDROGEN AND ONE CUP OF PROTACTINIUM INTO THIS CYCLOTRON. THEN I TURN IT ALL TOGETHER FOR SEVERAL MINUTES AT 18,000 TURNS PER SECOND.
BRRR
AND VOILA! YOU HAVE YOURSELF AN ATOMAX.
AN ATOMAX FUNCTIONS OFF THE ENERGY FORMED BY NUCLEAR FISSION FROM PROTACTINIUM. THEY HAVE A TEN-YEAR LIFE SPAN.
antenne
H
Protacti
Pa
ATOMAX
2

'BUT WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?' YOU ASK. WELL, INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME EXPLAINING, LET'S GO AND SEE THEM AT WORK.
MY ATOMAX-CHAUFFEUR DRIVES ME WHEREVER I WANT TO GO.
JEEVES-II, STOP AT THE FACTORY!
ATOMAX' MAKE CARS, BUT THEY ALSO MAKE ROCKETSHIPS, VIDEOPHONES, VIBRATORS, ETC...
HO!
POF
WHERE'D HE GO? NEVER FEAR!
HOP TO! AND A NEW ONE TO REPLACE HIM!
IN THE FACTORIES, ATOMAX' ONLY LAST UP TO EIGHT MONTHS. THEIR WORK IS HARD AND THEY SEEM TO BUCKLE UNDER THE PRESSURE.
3


HERE IS THE PRIDE OF PARIS—THAT'S CHARLES LOUIS MOPS, INVENTOR OF THE ATOMAX.

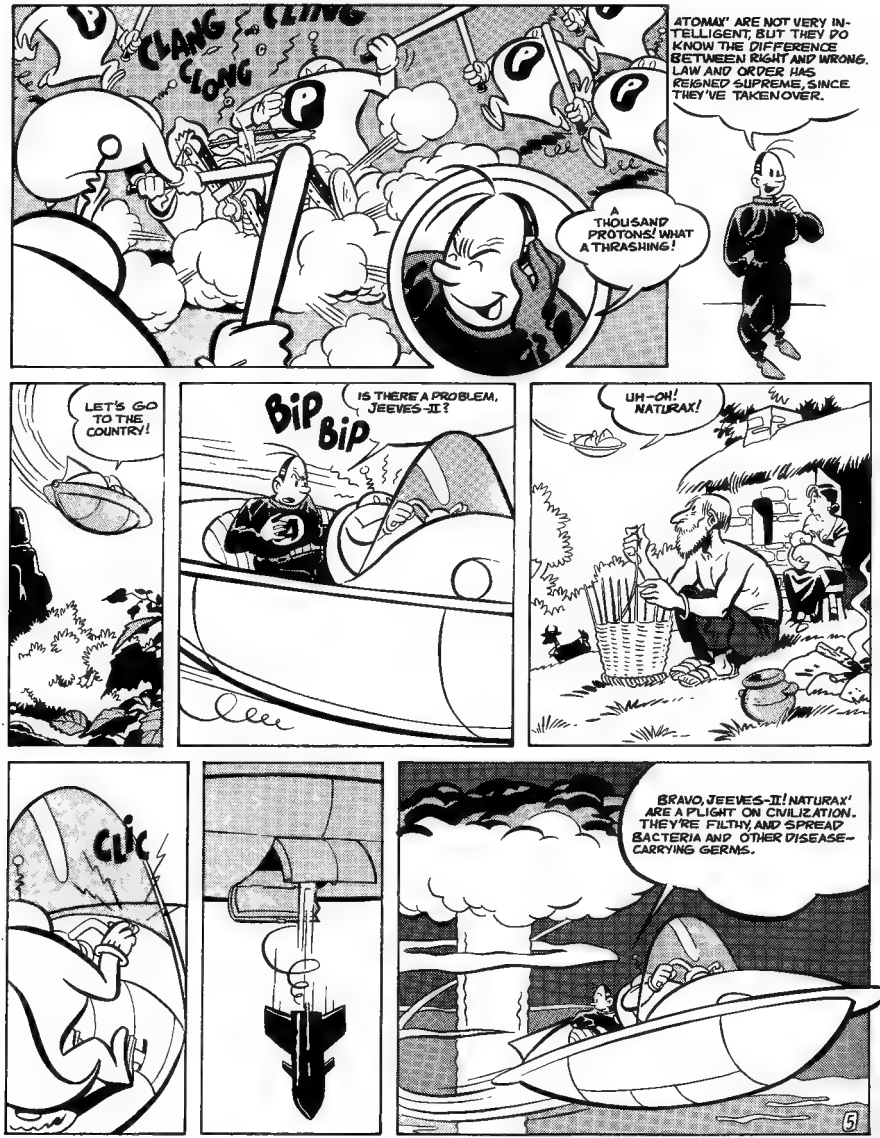
ATOMAX' CAN EVEN SHINE YOUR SHOES SO THEY LOOK LIKE NEW!
SPERMVIDEO


ATOMAX' ARE REALLY WONDERFUL.


OH!?
HEY! STOP THIEF!

STICK AROUND! THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD SHOW! THAT CRETIN JUST STOLE GOODS FROM THAT SHOP.

STOP, THIEF!
TRiii,
4


CLANG
CLONG
CLING
P
ATOMAX' ARE NOT VERY INTELLIGENT, BUT THEY DO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG. LAW AND ORDER HAS REIGNED SUPREME, SINCE THEY'VE TAKENOVER.
A THOUSAND PROTONS! WHAT A THRASHING!
LET'S GO TO THE COUNTRY!
BIP BIP
IS THERE A PROBLEM, JEEVES-II?
UH-OH! NATURAX!
CLIC
BRAVO, JEEVES-II! NATURAX' ARE A FLIGHT ON CIVILIZATION. THEY'RE FILTHY, AND SPREAD BACTERIA AND OTHER DISEASE-CARRYING GERMS.
5

TONIGHT'S THE PARTY AT THE OLYMPIAX. I WOULDN'T MISS THAT FOR ALL THE URANIUM IN THE WORLD.
THIS NEW PLASTIC SUIT IS ALL THE RAGE. I'LL MAKE A HIT!
ATOMAX' ARE "BORN TO BOOGIE".* LOVE THIS SUSHI!
WOW, 1,000 PROTONS! WHAT A NYMPHOMAX! HELP! ATOMAX SERVANT, HELP!
OH! OH!
AH, AN AMERICAN CHEESE SANDWICH AND A VIDEO-RELIEF PROGRAM. WHAT A LIFE!
PUMP PUMP
HA-HA
FIN
V. CHALAND 1981

*A 1980'S EXPRESSION MY GRANDDADDY TAUGHT ME. I'M STILL NOT QUITE SURE WHAT IT MEANS.

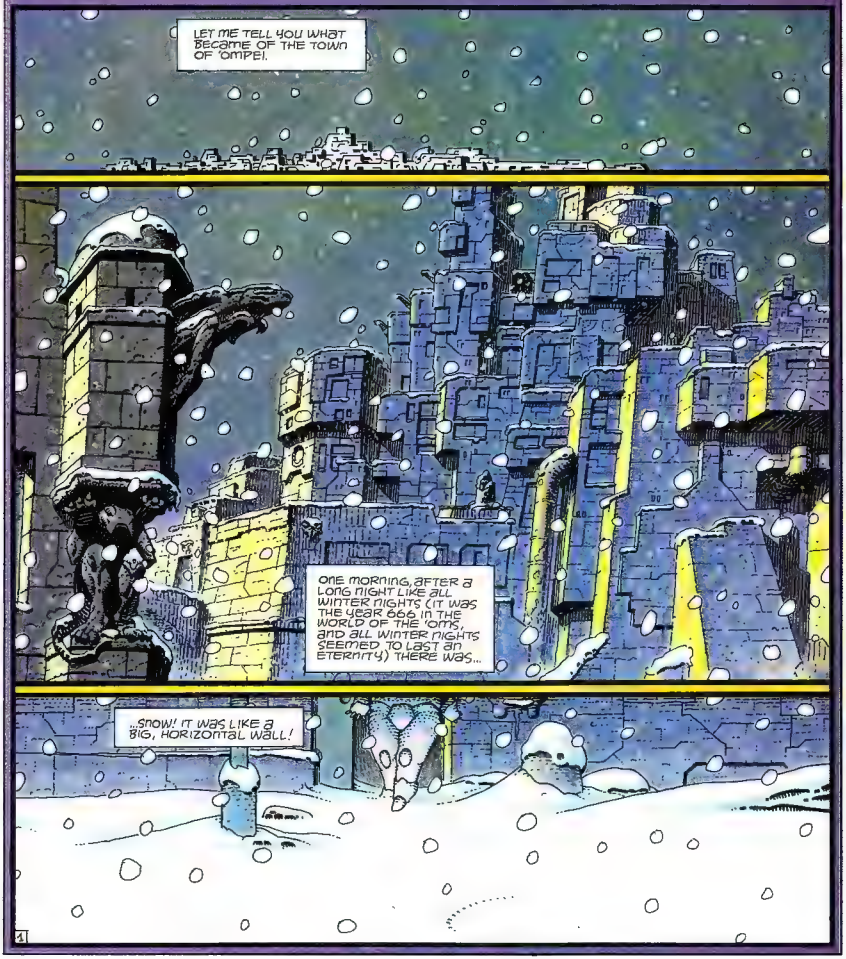
THE ISLAND OF DR. MURRY

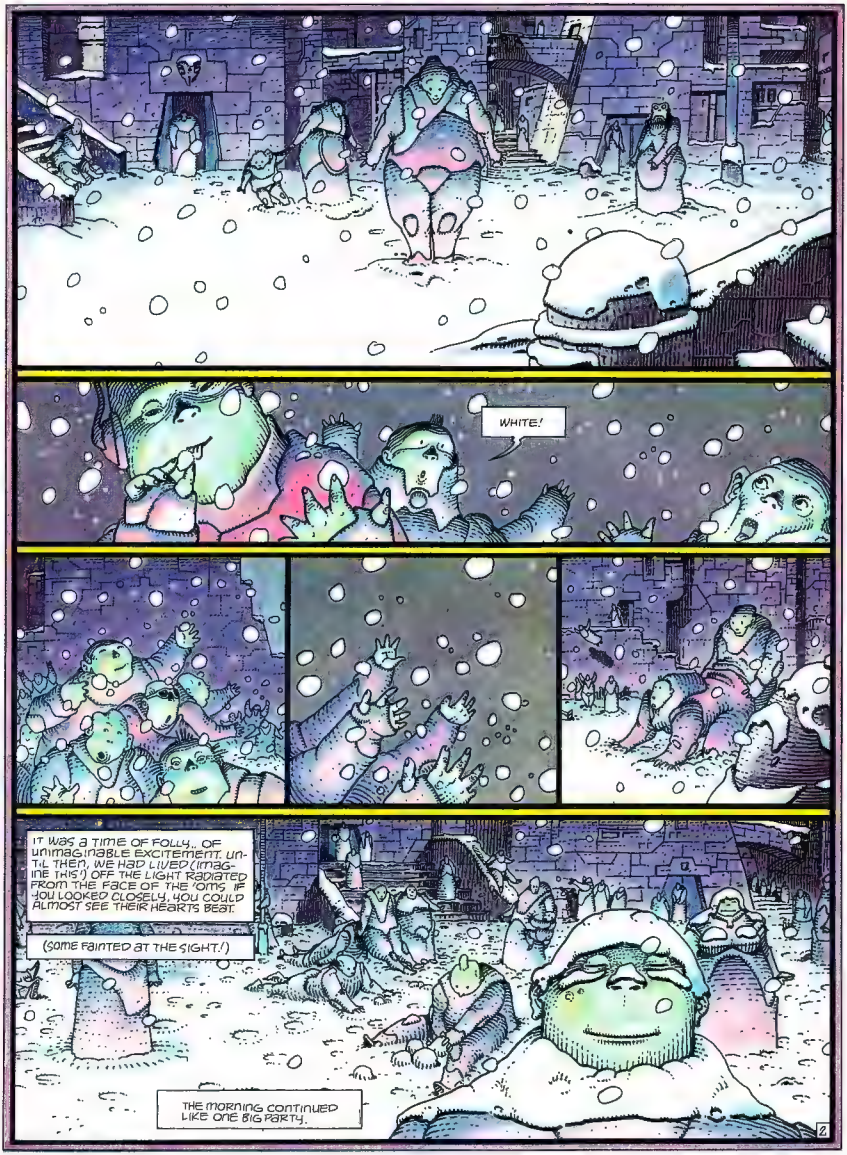
©1984 Nicola Cuti

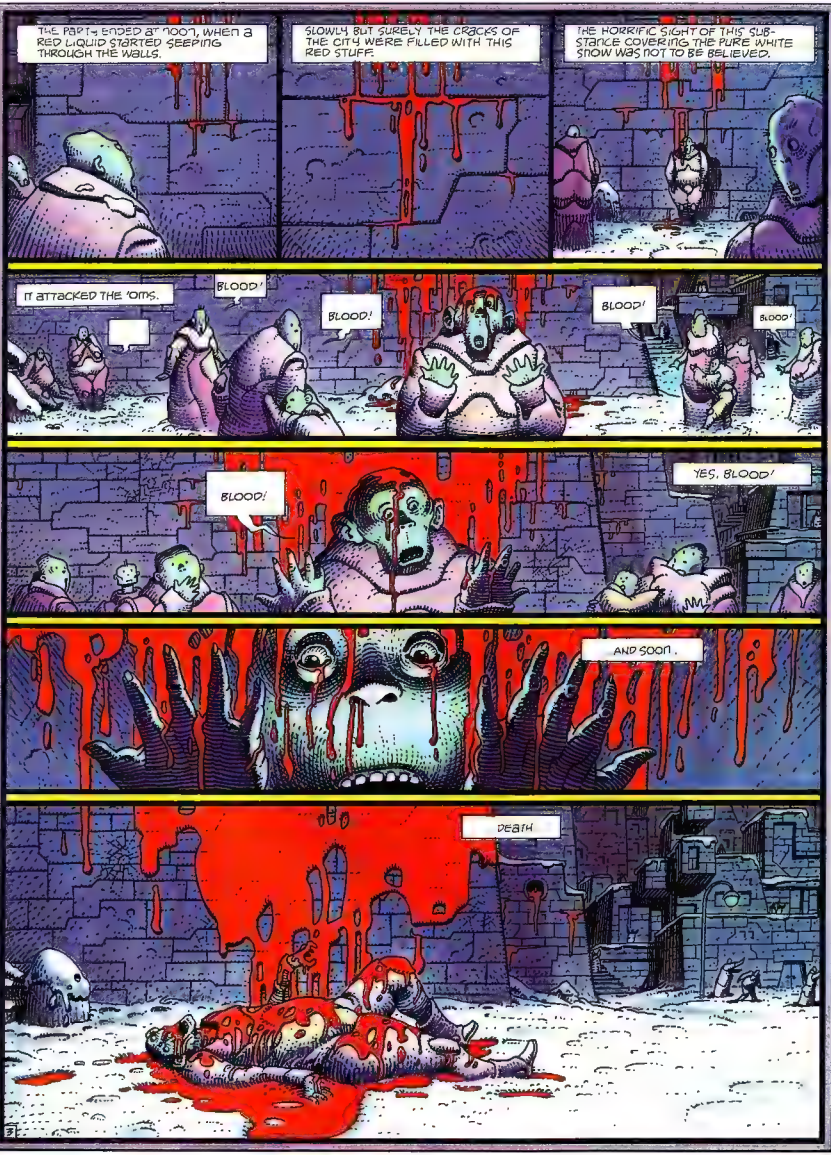
WHEN THE "LADY VAIN" WENT DOWN, TEN DAYS OUT FROM PERU, I MADE MY WAY, IN A DINGHY, TO A TROPICAL ISLAND. THERE I WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH BY DR. MURRY, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SURROUNDING FAUNAE PROVED TO BE QUITE REMARKABLE.
YOU'RE ABLE TO CHANGE ANIMALS INTO..GASP!.. PEOPLE!?
ALMOST, MR. PRENDICK.
BUT CERTAINLY. A FEW MORE OPERATIONS WOULD COMPLETELY CONVERT THEM INTO MEN.
NEVER TOTALLY. MY BEAST-MEN APPEAR CIVILIZED BUT--WELL., OLD WAYS DIE HARD.
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU.
IN HIS LAB.
YOU SAY THESE WERE ONCE MICE! EXCEPT FOR THEIR SIZE THEY'RE JUST PERFECT!
STILL, THEY RETAIN CERTAIN PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS. I WILL DEMONSTRATE.
TIME TO SAY SO LONG, KIDS. READY--ONE AN'A TWO AN'A
M-I-C-SEE YOU REAL SOON-K-E-Y...
Cuti

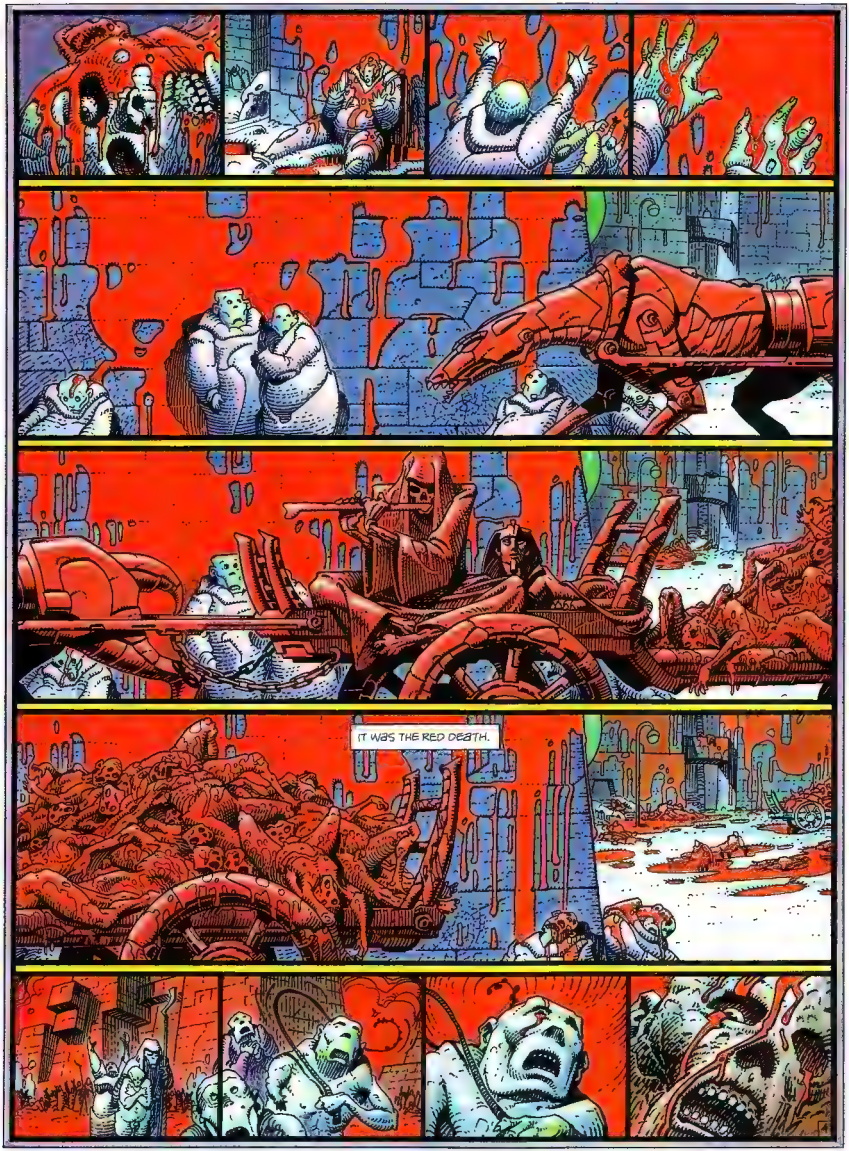
CINDERS

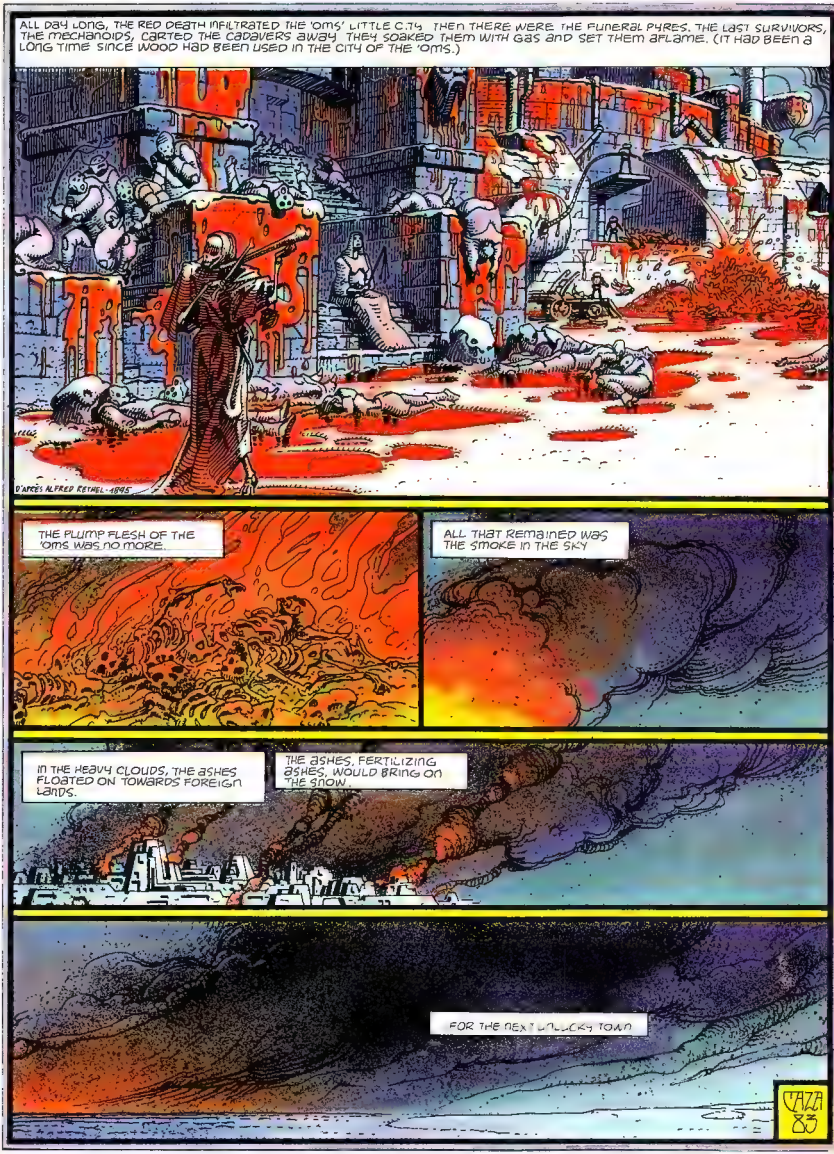
CAZA 83


LET ME TELL YOU WHAT BECAME OF THE TOWN OF 'OMPEI.
ONE MORNING, AFTER A LONG NIGHT LIKE ALL WINTER NIGHTS (IT WAS THE YEAR 666 IN THE WORLD OF THE 'OMS, AND ALL WINTER NIGHTS SEEMED TO LAST AN ETERNITY.) THERE WAS...
...SNOW! IT WAS LIKE A BIG, HORIZONTAL WALL!


WHITE!
IT WAS A TIME OF FOLLY... OF UNIMAGINABLE EXCITEMENT. UNTIL THEN, WE HAD LIVED (IMAGINE THIS!) OFF THE LIGHT RADIATED FROM THE FACE OF THE 'OTS. IF YOU LOOKED CLOSELY, YOU COULD ALMOST SEE THEIR HEARTS BEAT.
(SOME FAINTED AT THE SIGHT.)
THE MORNING CONTINUED LIKE ONE BIG PARTY.
Z


THE PARTY ENDED AT NOON, WHEN A RED LIQUID STARTED SEEPING THROUGH THE WALLS.
SLOWLY, BUT SURELY THE CRACKS OF THE CITY WERE FILLED WITH THIS RED STUFF.
THE HORRIFIC SIGHT OF THIS SUBSTANCE COVERING THE PURE WHITE SNOW WAS NOT TO BE BELIEVED.
IT ATTACKED THE 'OMS.
BLOOD!
BLOOD!
BLOOD!
BLOOD!
BLOOD!
YES, BLOOD!
AND SOON.
DEATH


IT WAS THE RED DEATH.

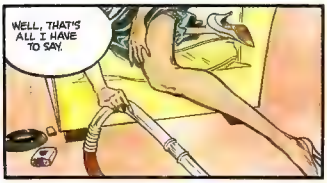

ALL DAY LONG, THE RED DEATH INFILTRATED THE 'OMS' LITTLE C.74. THEN THERE WERE THE FUNERAL PYRES. THE LAST SURVIVORS, THE MECHANOIDS, CARTED THE CADAVERS AWAY. THEY SOAKED THEM WITH GAS AND SET THEM AFLAME. (IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WOOD HAD BEEN USED IN THE CITY OF THE 'OMS.)
D'APRÈS ALFRED RETHEL-1845
THE PLUMP FLESH OF THE 'OMS WAS NO MORE.
ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE SMOKE IN THE SKY.
IN THE HEAVY CLOUDS, THE ASHES FLOATED ON TOWARDS FOREIGN LANDS.
THE ASHES, FERTILIZING ASHES, WOULD BRING ON THE SNOW.
FOR THE NEXT LUCKY TOWN.
VAZA 83

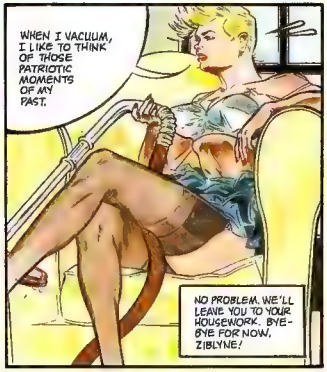
Ziblyne

Dan's Tale

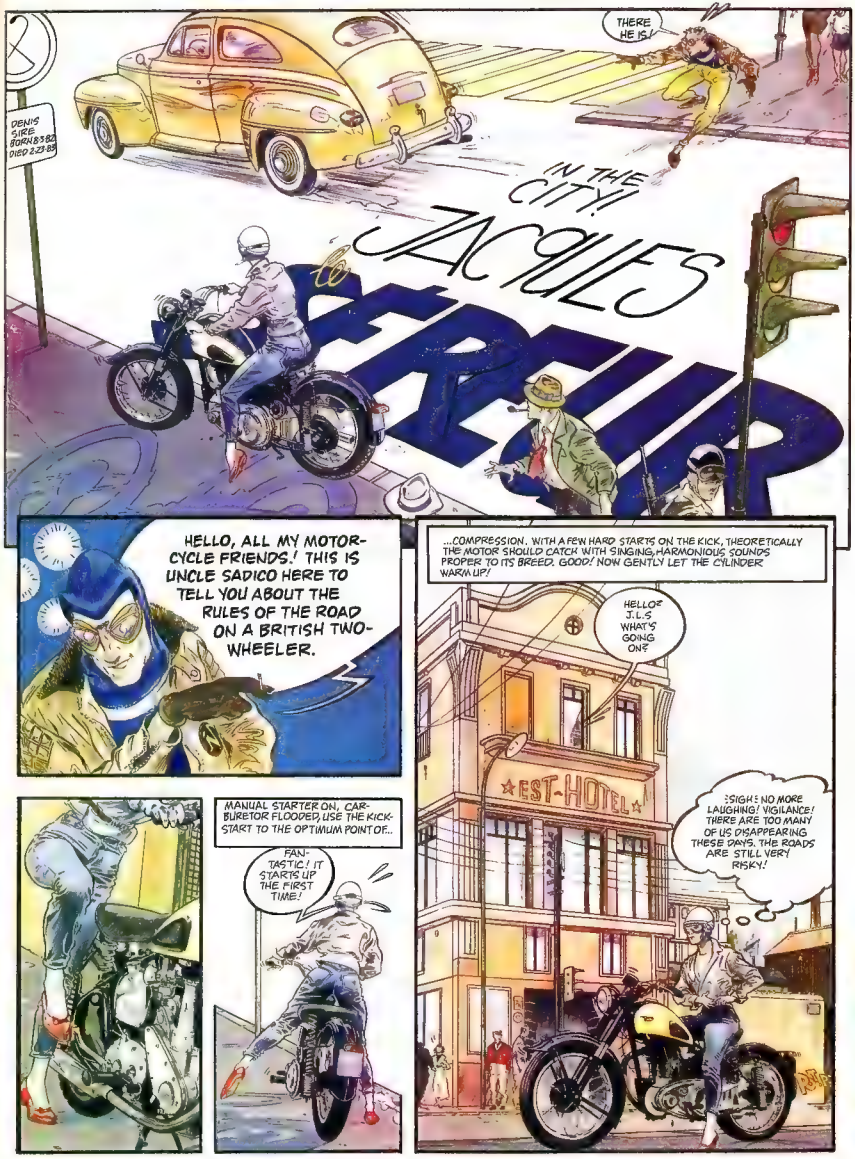
BETTY AND ZIB, ROOMMATES, SHARE THEIR INCREDIBLE STORY OF HOW THEY HELPED RID THE WORLD OF DANGEROUS ROAD HOGS.

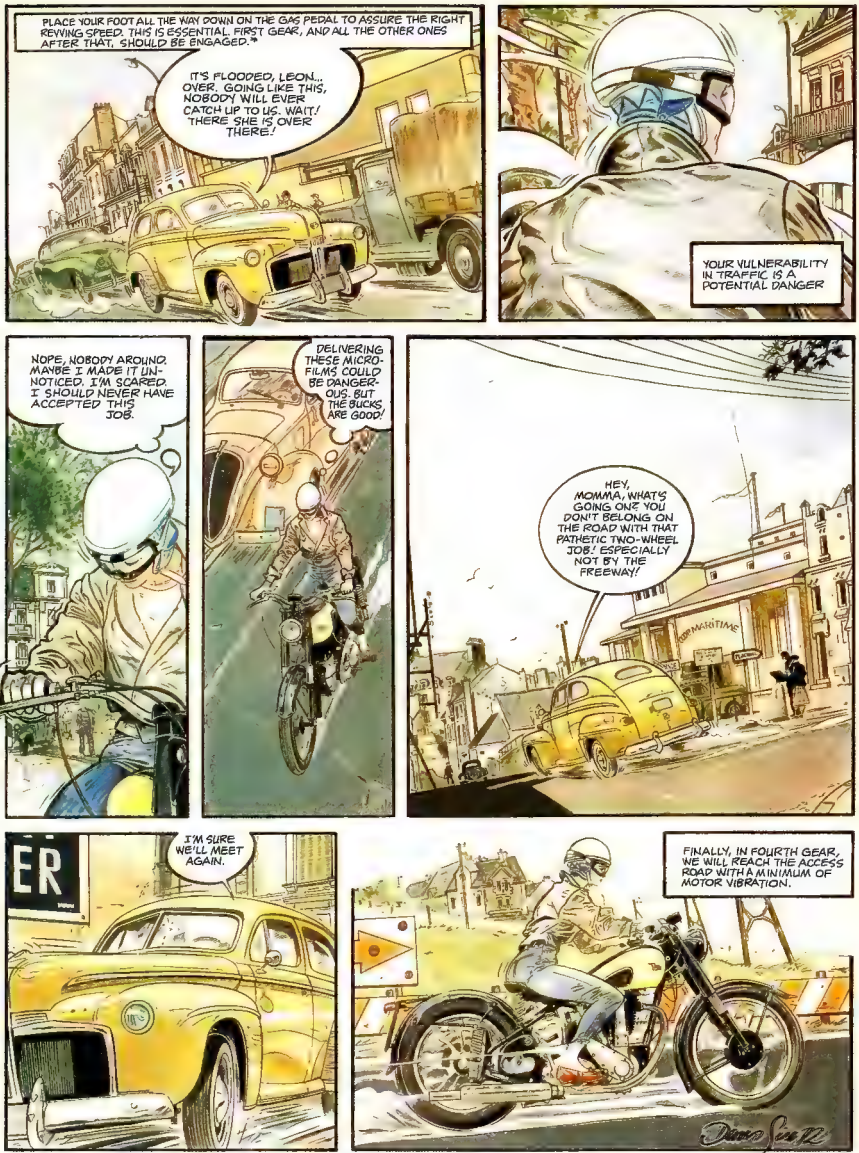
YES! IT WAS WAY BEFORE I EVEN KNEW YOU GUYS! AND I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU... THAT WAS A REAL FUN TIME IN MY LIFE. I HAVE TO ADMIT, I'M STILL A LITTLE ANNOYED THAT BETTY WAS SO LAX ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.



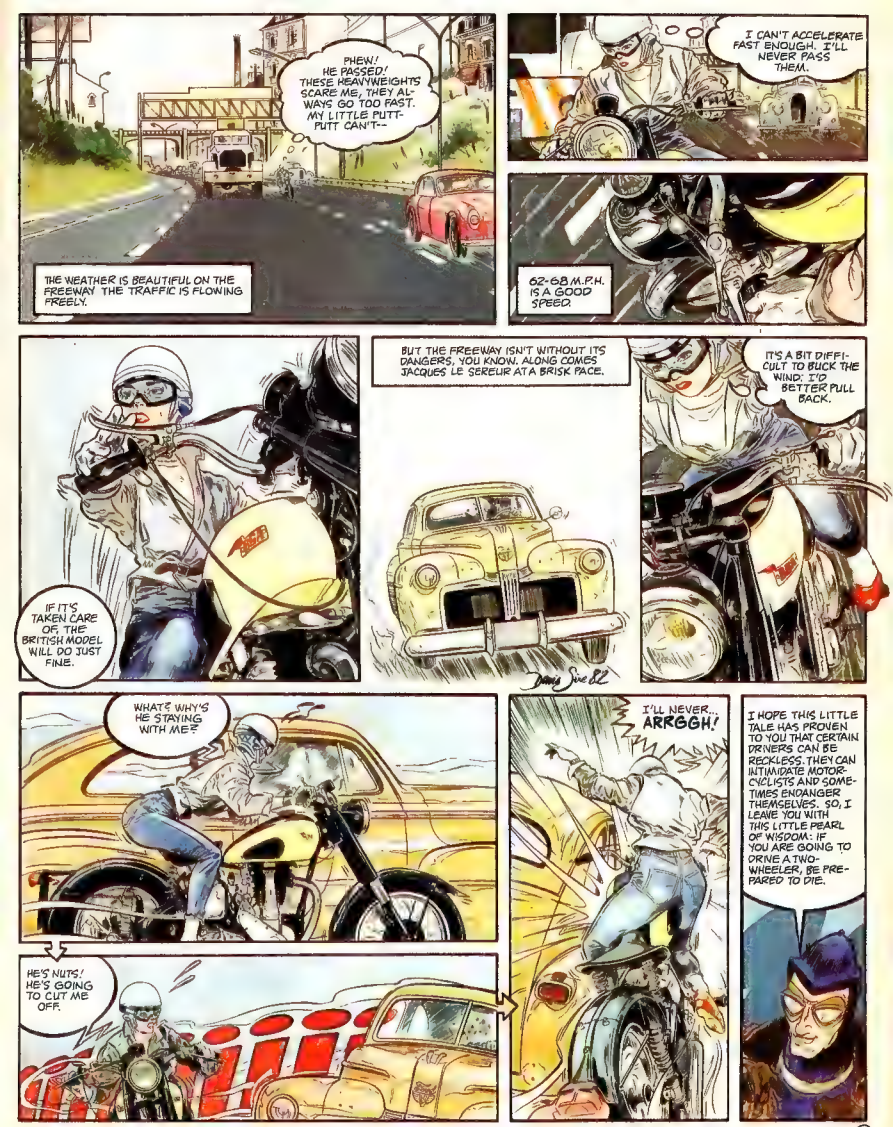

WHEN I VACUUM, I LIKE TO THINK OF THOSE PATRIOTIC MOMENTS OF MY PAST.
NO PROBLEM. WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR HOUSEWORK. BYE-BYE FOR NOW, ZIBLYNE!

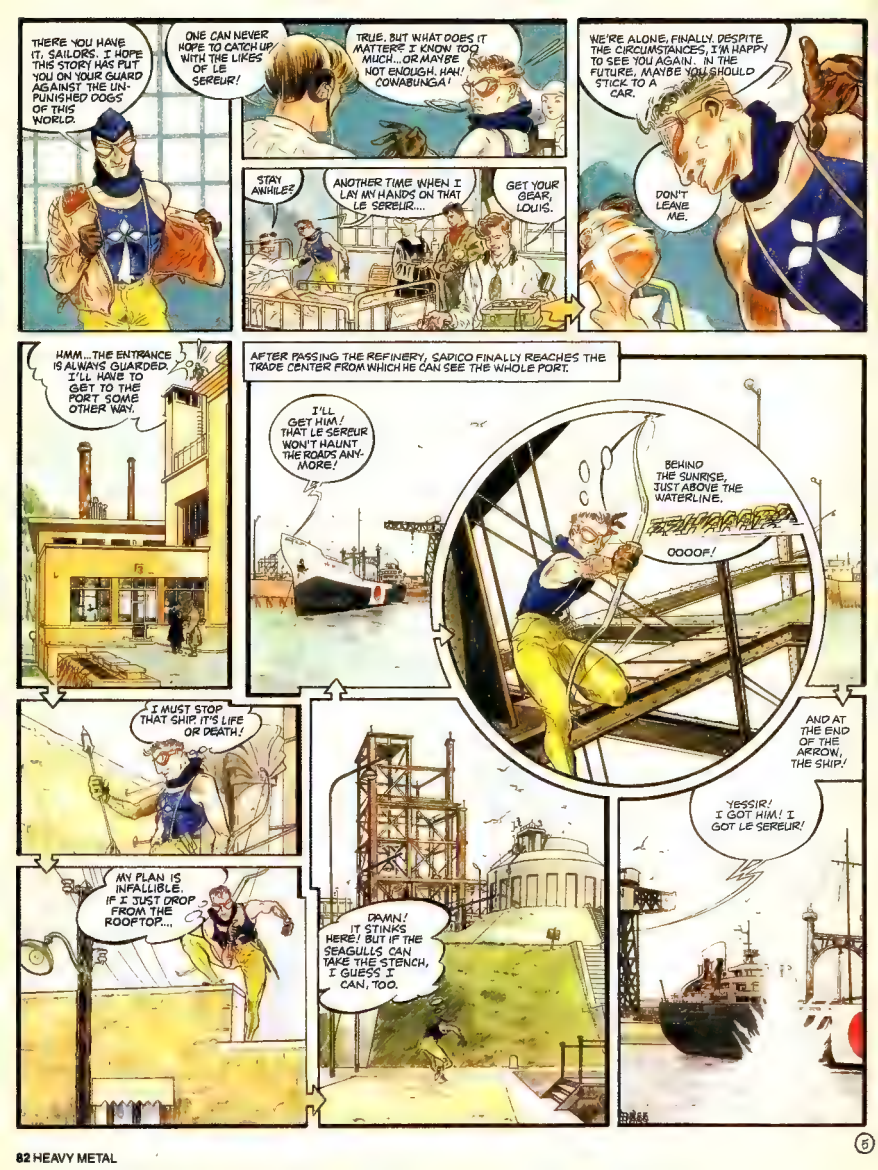
ZIBLYNE STILL LIKES TO DREAM ABOUT THOSE TIMES EVERY SO OFTEN. SHE'LL FORGET SOON ENOUGH. AND WHAT ABOUT SADICO? HE'S SOME HUNK OF AN ANDROID! AND WHAT A DRIVER!
Elevire Blay
Elevire Blay
19


DENIS SIRE BORN 8-8-20 DIED 2-23-88
THERE HE IS!
IN THE CITY!!
JACQUES
FREUR
HELLO, ALL MY MOTOR-CYCLE FRIENDS.! THIS IS UNCLE SADICO HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE RULES OF THE ROAD ON A BRITISH TWO-WHEELER.
...COMPRESSION. WITH A FEW HARD STARTS ON THE KICK, THEORETICALLY THE MOTOR SHOULD CATCH WITH SINGING, HARMONIOUS SOUNDS PROPER TO ITS BREED. GOOD! NOW GENTLY LET THE CYLINDER WARM UP!
HELLO! J.L.S WHAT'S GOING ON?
EST-HOTEL
:SIGH!: NO MORE LAUGHING! VIGILANCE! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF US DISAPPEARING THESE DAYS. THE ROADS ARE STILL VERY RISKY!
MANUAL STARTER ON, CARBURETOR FLOODED, USE THE KICK-START TO THE OPTIMUM POINT OF..
FAN-TASTIC! IT STARTS UP THE FIRST TIME!


PLACE YOUR FOOT ALL THE WAY DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL TO ASSURE THE RIGHT REVVING SPEED. THIS IS ESSENTIAL. FIRST GEAR, AND ALL THE OTHER ONES AFTER THAT, SHOULD BE ENGAGED.*
IT'S FLOODED, LEON!... OVER. GOING LIKE THIS, NOBODY WILL EVER CATCH UP TO US. WAIT! THERE SHE IS OVER THERE!
YOUR VULNERABILITY IN TRAFFIC IS A POTENTIAL DANGER
NOPE, NOBODY AROUND. MAYBE I MADE IT UN-NOTICED. I'M SCARED. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED THIS JOB.
DELIVERING THESE MICRO-FILMS COULD BE DANGER-OUS. BUT THE BUCKS ARE GOOD!
HEY, MOMMA, WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU DON'T BELONG ON THE ROAD WITH THAT PATHETIC TWO-WHEEL JOB! ESPECIALLY NOT BY THE FREEWAY!
I'M SURE WE'LL MEET AGAIN.
FINALLY, IN FOURTH GEAR, WE WILL REACH THE ACCESS ROAD WITH A MINIMUM OF MOTOR VIBRATION.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: IF YOU DON'T OBSERVE THIS RULE, YOUR GEARS WILL OBSTINATELY REFUSE TO CHANGE.

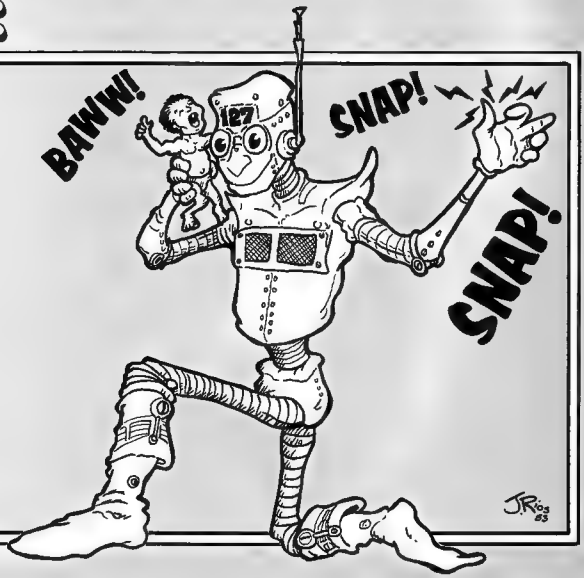

PHEW! HE PASSED! THESE HEAVYWEIGHTS SCARE ME, THEY ALWAYS GO TOO FAST. MY LITTLE PUTT-PUTT CAN'T--
THE WEATHER IS BEAUTIFUL ON THE FREEWAY. THE TRAFFIC IS FLOWING FREELY.
I CAN'T ACCELERATE FAST ENOUGH. I'LL NEVER PASS THEM.
62-68 M.P.H. IS A GOOD SPEED.
IF IT'S TAKEN CARE OF, THE BRITISH MODEL WILL DO JUST FINE.
BUT THE FREEWAY ISN'T WITHOUT ITS DANGERS. YOU KNOW, ALONG COMES JACQUES LE SEREUR AT A BRISK PACE.
IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT TO BUCK THE WIND. I'D BETTER PULL BACK.
WHAT? WHY'S HE STAYING WITH ME?
HE'S NUTS! HE'S GOING TO CUT ME OFF.
I'LL NEVER... ARRGGH!
I HOPE THIS LITTLE TALE HAS PROVEN TO YOU THAT CERTAIN DRIVERS CAN BE RECKLESS. THEY CAN INTIMIDATE MOTORCYCLISTS AND SOMETIMES ENDANGER THEMSELVES. SO, I LEAVE YOU WITH THIS LITTLE PEARL OF WISDOM: IF YOU ARE GOING TO DRIVE A TWO-WHEELER, BE PREPARED TO DIE.


THERE YOU HAVE IT, SAILORS. I HOPE THIS STORY HAS PUT YOU ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THE UNPUNISHED DOGS OF THIS WORLD.
ONE CAN NEVER HOPE TO CATCH UP WITH THE LIKES OF LE SEREUR!
TRUE. BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I KNOW TOO MUCH... OR MAYBE NOT ENOUGH. HA! COWABUNGA!
WE'RE ALONE, FINALLY. DESPITE THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN. IN THE FUTURE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD STICK TO A CAR.
DON'T LEAVE ME.
STAY AWHILE?
ANOTHER TIME WHEN I LAY MY HANDS ON THAT LE SEREUR....
GET YOUR GEAR, LOUIS.
HMM... THE ENTRANCE IS ALWAYS GUARDED. I'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE PORT SOME OTHER WAY.
AFTER PASSING THE REFINERY, SADICO FINALLY REACHES THE TRADE CENTER FROM WHICH HE CAN SEE THE WHOLE PORT.
I'LL GET HIM! THAT LE SEREUR WON'T HAUNT THE ROADS ANYMORE!
BEHIND THE SUNRISE, JUST ABOVE THE WATERLINE.
OOOOF!
I MUST STOP THAT SHIP. IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!
MY PLAN IS INFALLIBLE. IF I JUST DROP FROM THE ROOFTOP....
DAMN! IT STINKS HERE! BUT IF THE SEAGULLS CAN TAKE THE STENCH, I GUESS I CAN, TOO.
AND AT THE END OF THE ARROW, THE SHIP!
YESSIR! I GOT HIM! I GOT LE SEREUR!

THE FIRE ENVELOPED THE SHIP. LUCKY FOR THE SAILORS OF THE KYÛSYUKU, IT WAS MORE SCARY THAN DANGEROUS. THE MARITIME POLICE OF SANAZ PORT WERE ON THE JOB IMMEDIATELY.
NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW WHAT LE SEREUR WAS UP TO.
THE SHIP IS PRETTY BADLY DAMAGED. IT MIGHT NEVER LEAVE PORT.
DAMN, THE ATOMIC BRIDGE PROHIBITS ENTRY INTO THE PORT.
WE'RE GONNA LOSE IT.
THANK GOD SADICO WAS AWARE OF THE POINT OF IMPACT.
UNDERSTAND, SISTER?
YES. LET US PRAY AGAINST THE FOLLY OF MANKIND.
I AM GLAD THAT YOU ENTRUSTED ME WITH THIS MISSION. NOTHING GALLS ME MORE THAN SLOPPINESS ON THE ROAD.
SAY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE EXPLOSION DOWN AT THE DOCKS? I HEAR SADICO TOOK CARE OF LE SEREUR!
I HEARD! I HEARD!
FINALLY, THE KYÛSYUKU IS LOST ONCE AND FOR ALL.
BOY! ZIB EVEN SAW THE SHIP GO UP IN SMOKE!
BETTY, I'VE DONE THE HOUSEWORK. I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
6

COMING:

Talkin' Turkey with Divine Director JOHN WATERS!



HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
TEX ☆ ARCANA
Meets the Toast of Europe
Part 13
GREETINGS, ONCE AGAIN, FROM OUR ODD LITTLE CORNER OF THE OLD WEST: A FRONTIER STEEPED IN LEGEND WHERE THE EDGES OF REALITY ARE SOMETIMES ALL FUZZIED UP BY ILLUSION, WHERE TRUTH... DEPENDS, WHERE THINGS, PLACES AND PEOPLE ARE RARELY WHAT THEY SEEM TO BE. WE'RE GONNA SEE A LOT OF THAT IN THIS, OUR THIRTEENTH EPISODE.
©1984 John Findley
AH, SHIT!
I DON' KNOW WHO IT IS!
WELL I DO. IT'S BODINE VAN DER HUGH, THE MAILMAN.
WHOA! SHERIFF! AM I EVER GLAD T'SEE YOU!
!!
ERK!
HOL'ON! YORE BEIN'A MIGHT ROUGH ON THAT THERE PONY, AIN'TCHA SON?

HUH? UH...OH, YEAH. SORRY, THERE, MARTY.
SNORT.
SHERIFF, YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA GUESS, IN A MILLYUN YEARS, WHAT HAPPENED T'ME T'DAY.
YOU RAN UP AGIN' A COUPLA WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS ABOUT THIS TALL.
ONE OF 'EM WAS KINDA WHITE AN' SORTA FAVORED A TOADSTOOL.
TH' OTHER ONE WAS GREENISH, LIZARDY LOOKIN' WITH FINS HERE AN' THERE
WELL... OKAY, YOU GUESSED...
...BUT I BET YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YES. WE BELIEVE.
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL OF US DOIN' OUT HERE... SEARCHIN' FER THEM LI'L LOST CRITTERS.
ANYTHING YA KIN TELL US'D BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.
THEY WUZ LOOKIN' FER THAT THERE WEIRD HOMBRE, TEX ARCANA, WHAT GITS MAIL FROM ALL OVER....
DIDJA TELL 'EM HIS WHEREABOUTS?
I DON'T KNOW IT. GOT HIM A HIDEOUT.
2

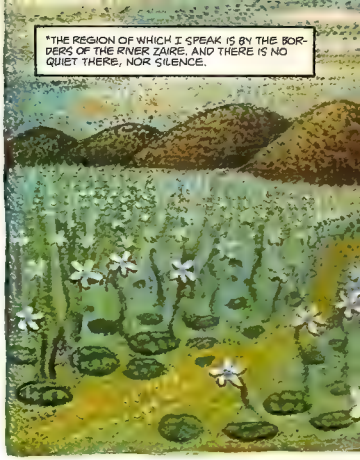
'SCUSE ME. UH, I'M JUST A NEWCOMER T' THESE PARTS AN' THIS MIGHT BE A STUPID QUESTION, BUT...
...IF YA DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVES, HOW IS IT YER ABLE TO DELIVER HIS MAIL?
SOUNDS LIKE A DAM'GOOD QUESTION T'ME.
I GIVE IT TO TH' OL' INJUN BROTHERS, JUS' LIKE I TOL' THEM LI'L VARMINTS.
AN' TH' LAS' TIME I SAW 'EM, THAT'S WHERE THEY WUZ HEADIN'
IT'S TOO LATE TO GO ANY FARTHER NOW. ROGER, BREAK OUT TH' GEAR AN' WE'LL MAKE CAMP FER TH' NIGHT!
RIGHT, SHERIFF!
WHEN WE GIT SETTLED IN, I WANTA HEAR ALL ABOUT THEM LI'L VARMINTS.
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE TO THE WEST...
IF THEY'RE MADE OUTA STONE HOW'D THEY COME T'LOOK LIKE US? YOU TRYNA TELL ME THAT SOMEBODY, LIKE, SCULPTED THIS?
CRUNCH!
SCRAPE!
BEATS TH' SH-- SHH! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?
GRIND!

RUMBLE!
CRASH!

WHAT TH' HELL?!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT !!!
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE ! WHEW!
YEAH! MUCH OBLIGED, OL' BUDDY.
HEY! DON'T MENTION IT, OKAY? YOU'DA DONE TH' SAME FOR ME, IF YA HAD, LIKE, AN ATHLETIC BONE IN YER BODY, RIGHT?
YEAH. RIGHT, HERP. BUT HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION? I'VE LOST MY BEARINGS.
LET'S WAIT 'TIL MORNING. THIS LOOKS T' ME LIKE A PURTY SAFE PLACE T' SPEND TH' NIGHT.
HERP...
YEAH, SWEAZ?
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK
5

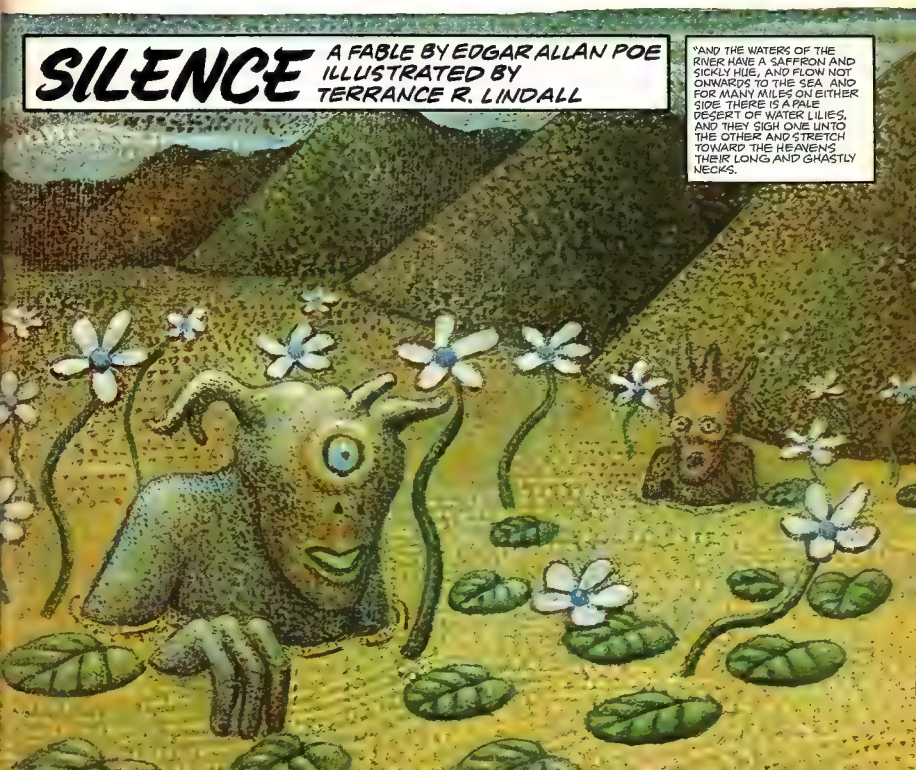
BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS...
...EESS ME, JULIO. HEER WEE 'DE BLONKEET FOR PALOMA SUE.
WHY...YES. THANK YOU JULIO. PLEASE TAKE IT TO HER, WOULD YOU? THAT'S A GOOD BOY AND CLOSE THE DOOR.
SI, SEÑORA. MUY PRONTO!
ALL RIGHT, NOW, OUT WITH IT, DOC! WHAT'S ALL THIS FOLDEROL ABOUT MILDRED'S BODY HAVING SOME PARTS MISSING AND... DID YOU SAY OTHER PARTS ADDED ON?
UH, NOT EXACTLY, HETTIE. WHAT I'M TRYIN' T' TELL YA IS THAT TH' PERSON WE ALL KNEW AS MILDRED BLACK WAS, IN REALITY...
...A MAN!
(GULP)
GURGLE!
GASP!
GULP
7

UPSTAIRS...
YOU HEARD THE WOMAN. I AM NOT PERMITTED TO PRACTICE, HERE.
BUT YOU MUST PRACTICE. THEY WILL THINK IT STRANGE IF YOU DO NOT.
STRANGE?! YOU TALK OF STRANGE? YOU TALK OF WHAT THEY MIGHT THINK?
YOU, WHO STOP AT NOTHING TO SATISFY YOUR FIENDISH LUST, YOUR WEIRD, UNEARTHLY PASSION TO POSSESS AND DESTROY!!! YOU INSUFFERABLY OBSCENE AND PUTRID VOMIT FROM THE DISEASED BELLY OF HELL!!
PUKE, MAESTRO.
WHAT?!
...OBSCENE AND PUTRID PUKE... IT HAS A NICER...RING TO IT. DON'T YOU THINK?
BE THAT AS IT MAY, YOU MUST MAINTAIN THE PRETENSE OF PRACTICING...
...OR HE WILL BE DISAPPOINTED.
SO, DEAR FRIENDS, NIGHT HAS DROPPED ITS INKY PALL OVER THE COMMUNITY OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AND THOSE LOATHSOME BEINGS THAT PEOPLE THE DARKNESS WITH THEIR HELLSPAWNED HORRORS ARE LIKELY TO LOVE - TO THE EXTENT THAT THEY ARE ABLE TO LOVE - THIS EVENING.
TO BE CONTINUED.

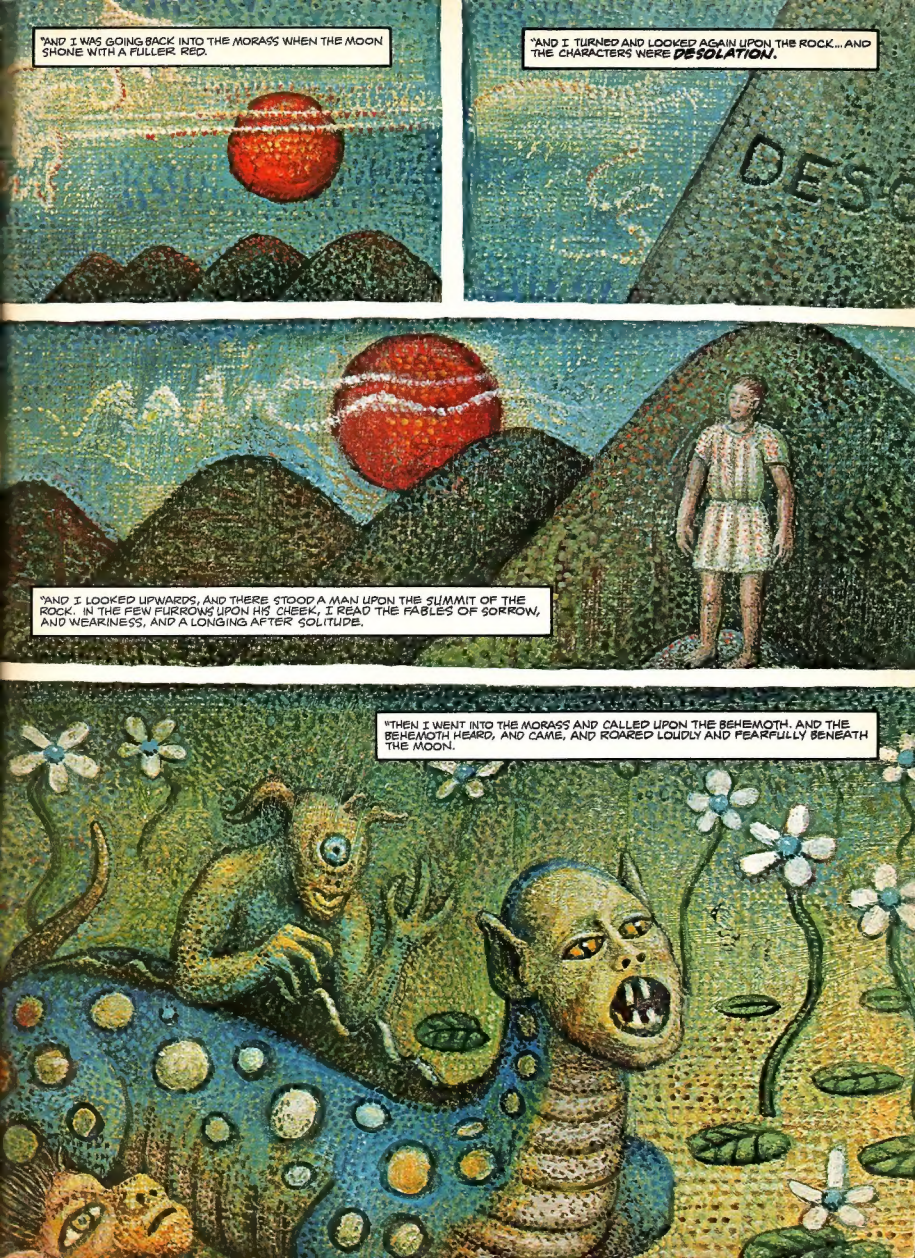


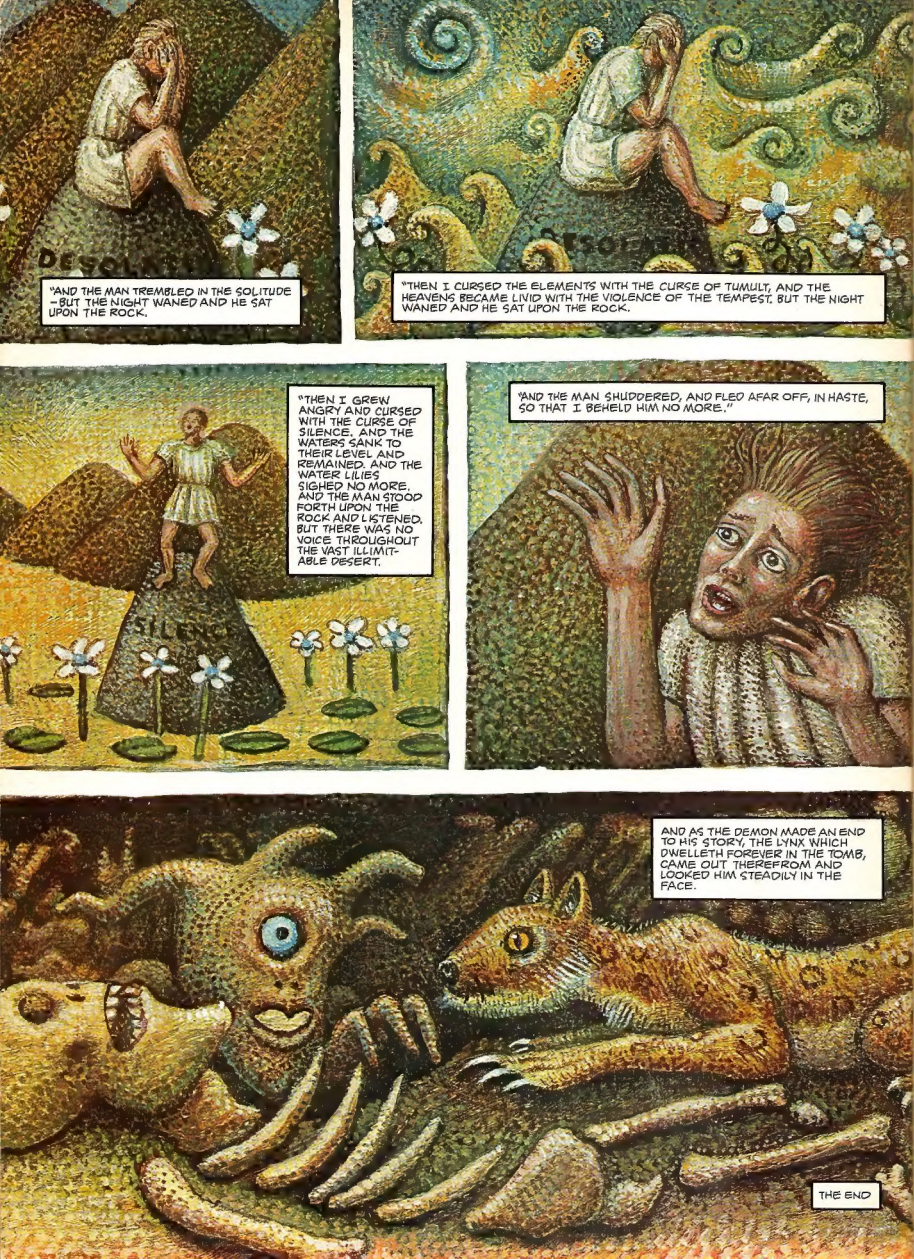
SILENCE

A FABLE BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY
TERRANCE R. LINDALL


"AND THE WATERS OF THE RIVER HAVE A SAFFRON AND SICKLY HUE, AND FLOW NOT ONWARDS TO THE SEA AND FOR MANY MILES ON EITHER SIDE THERE IS A PALE DESERT OF WATER LILIES, AND THEY SIGH ONE UNTO THE OTHER AND STRETCH TOWARD THE HEAVENS THEIR LONG AND GHASTLY NECKS.

"IT WAS NIGHT, AND THE RAIN FELL. FALLING, IT WAS RAIN, BUT, HAVING FALLEN, IT WAS BLOOD... AND THE RAIN FELL UPON MY HEAD.
"AND ALL AT ONCE THE MOON AROSE THROUGH THE MIST AND WAS CRIMSON IN COLOR.
"AND MINE EYE FELL UPON A HUGE GREY ROCK WHICH STOOD BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER. UPON ITS FRONT WERE CHARACTERS ENGRAVEN IN THE STONE, BUT I COULD NOT DECIPHER THEM.


"AND I WAS GOING BACK INTO THE MORASS WHEN THE MOON SHONE WITH A FULLER RED.
"AND I TURNED AND LOOKED AGAIN UPON THE ROCK... AND THE CHARACTERS WERE DESOLATION.
DES
"AND I LOOKED UPWARDS, AND THERE STOOD A MAN UPON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK. IN THE FEW FURROWS UPON HIS CHEEK, I READ THE FABLES OF SORROW, AND WEARINESS, AND A LONGING AFTER SOLITUDE.
"THEN I WENT INTO THE MORASS AND CALLED UPON THE BEHEMOTH. AND THE BEHEMOTH HEARD, AND CAME, AND ROARED LOUDLY AND FEARFULLY BENEATH THE MOON.


"AND THE MAN TREMBLED IN THE SOLITUDE – BUT THE NIGHT WANED AND HE SAT UPON THE ROCK.
"THEN I CURSED THE ELEMENTS WITH THE CURSE OF TUMULT, AND THE HEAVENS BECAME LIVID WITH THE VIOLENCE OF THE TEMPEST. BUT THE NIGHT WANED AND HE SAT UPON THE ROCK.
"THEN I GREW ANGRY AND CURSED WITH THE CURSE OF SILENCE, AND THE WATERS SANK TO THEIR LEVEL AND REMAINED. AND THE WATER LILIES SIGHED NO MORE. AND THE MAN STOOD FORTH UPON THE ROCK AND LISTENED. BUT THERE WAS NO VOICE THROUGHOUT THE VAST ILLIMITABLE DESERT.
"AND THE MAN SHUDDERED, AND FLED AFAR OFF, IN HASTE, SO THAT I BEHELD HIM NO MORE."
AND AS THE DEMON MADE AN END TO HIS STORY, THE LYNX WHICH DWELLETH FOREVER IN THE TOMB, CAME OUT THEREFROM AND LOOKED HIM STEADILY IN THE FACE.
THE END

BRING HEAVY METAL HOME WITH YOU

Photo: John Duke Koch

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